



No. 350.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., WHO WILL COMMAND HER MAJESTY'S FORCES AT THE CAPE.

*On Oct. 5 he journeyed to Balmoral to pay a farewell visit to Her Majesty the Queen. See "The Sketch" Biography on page 518*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



## THE CLUBMAN.

Those of the portrait-painters who are honoured with Royal patronage must rejoice in the appointment of H.R.H. the Duke of York to be Honorary Colonel of the 1st Bengal Lancers, for it gives him a very picturesque uniform. Our British artists complain that all our uniforms are red or blue. The Prince's new uniform is of yellow, with black velvet facings and with a black pugri as a headdress.

Four other regiments of Bengal Cavalry have Royal Colonels. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel of the 6th and the 11th, the latter being the only native cavalry regiment that boasts a band; H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is at the head of the 10th, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is the Honorary Colonel of the 13th.

The late fall of the leaf, for the trees in the South of England are still almost as green as in midsummer, is responsible for the sudden filling-up of the Clubs, as the pheasants have of necessity been given a longer lease of life. The Military Clubs are as full as they are in Derby week, for an extraordinary number of officers are in London besieging the War Office and asking to be allowed to go out to South Africa in any capacity.

The great house at the corner of White Horse Street and Piccadilly which has been so long without a tenant is being washed down and swept and garnished, and is to be the abode of the Junior Naval and Military Club. No doubt, it will be a feeder to its senior of the same name on the other side of White Horse Street. The drawback to the house of the Junior Club is that its entrance is in White Horse Street, which is a very narrow thoroughfare.

Clubmen did not feel the disappointment at the drawn races between the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia* so acutely as the man in the street did. To come from the warm smoking-room into the warm hall at intervals and look at the telegraphic despatches on the board is far less trying than to stand for hours on the Thames Embankment.

That very exclusive little Club, the Grafton Supper Club, which holds its meetings on Saturday evenings at the Grafton Galleries, re-opens on Saturday next.

Last week's wedding of the smart young Horse Gunner, Lieutenant Behrens, to Miss Rothschild must have made many people think how differently our Army and the Army of our neighbours appreciate the Jewish officers who serve in their cadres. The two scientific corps, the Engineers and the Artillery, have most of the names of the Jewish officers in our Service on their list, though one of the best Colonels who has ever commanded a Line regiment, Colonel Goldsmid, who brought his battalion of the Welsh Regiment to a very high state of efficiency, is of the Jewish religion.

Here and there a Jewish Tommy Atkins is found in the ranks, but they are few and far between. Every facility is given them to attend a synagogue when there is one within reach. There are not many synagogues in country quarters, and occasionally a Christian private has professed to be a Jew in order to escape church-parade. One of these malingers came up before a Colonel of the old-fashioned sort to announce his change of religion. "H'm!" said the Colonel; "you are a Jew now, are you?" and the man assented. "There is no synagogue nearer than London?" And the man said contentedly that such was the case. "Well," the Colonel went on, "I am sorry for that. The Queen's Regulations lay down that her soldiers must attend some place of worship. You shall have your choice. You shall go with the Methodists at 7 a.m., with the Catholics at eleven, and to the Church of England in the afternoon." It only took one Sunday to reconvert that private.

The Clubs in the South of France are being prepared for the winter season. At Biarritz, where the autumn season is in full swing, the Country Club, a picturesque brown chalet with overhanging eaves, is now the centre of gaiety. The Marquis de San Carlos, who deserves a little niche to himself in the Valhalla of Clubdom, and who is an amateur toreador, a brilliant whip, and a first-rate organiser of cotillions, is President of the Club. At the last dance given in the Club a new and unrehearsed effect was introduced during the cotillon. The lights all went out. The Club is lit by acetylene, and something momentarily went wrong with the plant. Before the lamps could be brought in, the lights started again as suddenly as they disappeared.

At a certain theatre of varieties, which it would be unfair to particularise, a box-full of men, apparently Australian Lancers, has received during the past week much attention from the public. When one of the Lancers stood up in the box and sang "The Soldiers of the Queen," the applause has been thunderous. The vocalising Lancer was a professional singer engaged at the theatre, and, as the Lancers have sailed, there is no harm in revealing the *true* of the astute manager.

A large number of officers of the Army Reserve have asked at the War Office if their services are likely to be utilised, and have been informed that it is improbable that any of them will be called out, and that, if they are, it will be only for home service.

The ladies of the Pioneer Club are going to debate during the autumn such various subjects as "The Art of Debate," "Chiffons," "Temper," and "The Worry of Clothes." It would have been interesting to hear the opinions of Eve, who, I take it, was the first lady Pioneer, on the last of these subjects.

It is satisfactory to learn that the card scandal concerning the Harmlosen Club of Berlin is not as serious as was feared. The young Prince whose name has been most frequently mentioned in connection with this Club lost £150, and no more.

## THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Man of the Week is the Bishop of London. He is President of the Church Congress, to attend which clergymen in their tens and hundreds and thousands are foregathering at the Albert Hall from the uttermost parts of the earth. It is true they are only coming from the United Kingdom, but why stickle for words? To all intents and purposes the United Kingdom is the earth—not to mention the fulness thereof, which, if it is like the Albert Hall, must be very full indeed, seeing that, a week before the Congress opened, forty-two thousand tickets had been distributed and thousands of applications, literally speaking, had to be refused.

I prefer to talk about the man—a mere earthly man. Wherefore, let me begin as near the earth as possible—with the Bishop's legs.

The Bishop of London has legs. It may seem superfluous to mention it, but it is a fact. They are reminiscent legs. This statement is made on the Bishop's own authority. Once upon a time, in a very interesting speech, he remarked that a good many people after business-hours were able to put their business aside and forget the nature of their calling. He, on the other hand, had only to look down at his legs during business-hours, or after business-hours, to remember that he was a Bishop.

Besides his legs, the Bishop of London has a beard. The fact is no less noticeable than it is notable, for beards, the erudite historian of the Episcopacy will tell you, are not the fashion in Fulham Palace, where the Bishops of London live. Indeed, until Dr. Mandell Creighton assumed the reins of the Diocese with the smallest area and the largest population, no Bishop of London since the time of Laud had worn a beard.

Besides legs and beard, the Bishop has a brain—a brain a great deal more brilliant than any Bishop's has any right to be; a brain at once imaginative and critical; a brain capable of inaugurating and, what is rarer still, of carrying out. Once this brain belonged to a student at Merton; later on, the same brain belonged to a scholar and a historian as luminous as Macaulay, nearly as voluminous as Gibbon. Now the Bishop's brain, like another great man's, has left off writing history, and is making it.

Besides legs and beard and brain, the Bishop has a heart—a heart strong and fearless to carry out whatever the brain dictates; and a Bishop's brain occasionally dictates commands which only a very fearless heart can obey.

Legs, beard, brain, and heart! In addition, the Bishop—happy man!—has a humorous mouth hidden behind that most un-Bishoply-of-London beard, and a whimsical eye which his glasses only accentuate. Indeed, it is whispered in Episcopal circles that those eyes never fail to see the jest which underlies the most serious things.

By rights, the Bishop ought not to have been a Bishop. The Bishop himself is the first person to recognise this. "Advise me *not* to be a Bishop!"—that was his plaintive cry to a friend when Peterborough was thrust upon him. Luckily, however, if he did not know what was good for him, the friend knew what was good for the Church. So he became a Bishop, and that is why, in writing this appreciation, which is not an interview, I have mixed up the Bishop with the Man, and the Man with the Bishop, for now the Bishop and the Man are one.

The masterfulness of mind characteristic of the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton is brought home to us by a remarkable fact. This is, that the Lord Bishop possesses a wonderfully nimble brain, notwithstanding the extraordinary depth of his erudition. Not only can he preach an able and a convincing sermon. Unhampered and undepressed (as is the case with some other dignitaries) by the variety and extent of his learning, the President of the Church Congress is a ready and humorous after-dinner speaker.

More. He is also a prolific author. In addition to his admirable contributions to ecclesiastical literature, has he not written luminously of Simon de Montfort (of whose monument *The Sketch* will have something to say next week); likewise of the "Age of Elizabeth," whilst being one of the most brilliant men of the Victorian era; of "The Tudors and the Reformation," a "Life of Wolsey," a "History of Carlisle," "The Early Renaissance in England," and of "The English National Character"; besides other valuable works? In a word, a Bishop of commanding intellect and persuasive individuality, he is eminently fitted to preside over the influential Congress which has caused London to be invaded by a host of clergymen, the cream of the cream of the Church of England.

I am sure many a dear vicar's wife—I mean, many dear wives of vicars—must be rejoicing in their hearts to know that the Bishop of London has a genial helpmate in Mrs. Mandell Creighton. The hospitality of Fulham Palace cannot have failed to recompense the clergy for many hours of oratory at the thronged Albert Hall.

Sir Henry Irving will to-day lay the memorial-stone of the new theatre named after him at Seacombe, Cheshire. The new Irving Theatre is expected to be ready for opening in December.

The ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of the new theatre at Perth was carried out on Oct. 6 by Mr. George Alexander, at the invitation of the Earl of Mansfield, Chairman of the Company, and his Board of Directors. The theatre is situated opposite the new post-office in High Street, and Mr. J. H. Saville, the present proprietor and manager of the Paisley Theatre, will be the lessee. Mr. Alexander has scored a success in Anthony Hope's dramatisation of "Rupert of Hentzau."





THE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, P.C., D.D., LL.D., THE BISHOP OF LONDON,  
WHO PRESIDES THIS WEEK OVER THE GREAT CHURCH CONGRESS IN LONDON.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## "MAN AND HIS MAKERS," AT THE LYCEUM.

In the Inns of Court there are scores, perhaps hundreds, of young barristers—not very young, all of them—who for two guineas (that is, £2 4s. 6d.) will gladly spend one, or even two, days in a remote suburban County Court: surely the management of the Lyceum might have briefed one of them to help in giving an air of verisimilitude to the legal business in "Man and His Makers." He might have pointed out that solicitors would not go down to the country—two at a time—merely to deliver a brief to a prosperous Q.C., but would have left it with his clerk at chambers; that the clerk in question would not receive a salary unless the barrister "bagged" the clerk's fees and paid him a "screw"—a discreditable breach of etiquette; that a barrister does not consider it a heavy task to get up a brief of half-a-dozen sheets; and that even a Gifford would hardly appoint as Puisne Judge an advocate who had broken down in open court and lost a case because of a morphia habit, and had in consequence abandoned his profession for a while, unless he had rendered political services hardly possible in the few years between the downfall of John Radleigh and his elevation. However, a lady tells me these are trifles when compared with the fact that the women supposed to be of ten years ago wear quite *le dernier cri* in the way of costumes, and only in the last act show any trace of an earlier period. Of course, it would be delightful for us if fashions lasted as long as ten years; but, even if the authors can rout the humble man of science, they will find that the *homme femme* of the *atelier de modes* is too strong for them. What does all this matter? Nothing, perhaps, and we should not notice it if the play by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Louis N. Parker were very interesting.

John Radleigh was a successful middle-aged Q.C. who loved a lovely girl, Sylvia Faber, and was beloved by her; but papa Faber refused to permit a marriage because his knowledge of Radleigh's family history caused him to believe that the lover had inherited a tendency to drink or take other stimulants. The old gentleman was right. Within four months of the refusal Radleigh was a morphinomaniac, with shattered nerves and trembling hands; a little while later he broke down flagrantly in open court because of his malady, and then abandoned the Bar, "went under," and earned a living by occasionally planting verses in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Ere John was dead of hunger, morphia, and "dossing it" in the parks, Sylvia, with the aid of the police, ran him down, and found him at midnight in St. James's Park and the society of Irene Fairholme, who had abandoned a life of shame and luxury for love—quite unrequited love—of him. So, hey presto, the scene changed, ten years flew by, John became a Judge of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice—I should have considered him better suited to sit as stipendiary magistrate—he married the lovely, loving Stella, got cured of his habit, if not of his tendency, begot two bonny children, to one of whom, presumably—unless Messrs. Barrett and Parker have overthrown such nincompoops as Virchow, Galton, Weissman, and *tutti quanti*—he transmitted the drink diathesis. "Very nice, very pretty, very cheap," to use a phrase of a play; certainly not magnificent, and hardly drama.

Of course, there is plenty of filling-in, such as Martha Frayl, whom we meet in the park on her way to drown herself and her illegitimate baby. Martha preaches the gospel of hope by finding that her baby has died in her arms, and being led off, cursing society, to the police-station. Hopeful Martha was vividly presented by Miss Haidée Wright. We meet a firm of solicitors, Mr. Ripton and Mr. Faze, who always go about together like the Siamese twins, even when the firm usurps the function of the outdoor clerk and delivers its briefs with its own four hands. Mr. Ripton's humour consists in his singing snatches of songs in public as well as private, and Mr. Faze's in having none. I fancy that so able an actor as Mr. Ambrose Manning would have liked to hand the part, with which he struggled bravely and cleverly, to the "singing chambermaid" of the company. I had almost forgotten Meg Hollands, a semi-repentant hetaira, and Jane Humphries, a quite repentant ditto, who becomes matron of the house of hope—an establishment where, apparently, hereditary tendencies are "painlessly extracted without gas"—or fee. Miss Rose Pendennis played the one part cleverly, and Miss Maud Jeffries acted admirably in the other; indeed, as Jane, who has some effective, well-written scenes, Miss Jeffries showed a true sense of character and power of expressing emotion. Two other persons may be named, Mr. Mark Goodson and his sweetheart, Millicent, who for years refuses "to perch"; they gave us some light comic relief, and were cleverly presented by Mr. George Barrett junior and Miss Daisy Belmore. The chief burden is on Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and Mr. J. H. Barnes, the Faber. Miss Ashwell is delightful in the part of Sylvia, which she presents in excellent style and a very touching manner—in fact, the enthusiasm caused at the end of the second act was due to her brilliant suggestion of agony and horror. No doubt at times she showed a rather uncertain touch, but it was in the very-long-drawn, talky scenes. Mr. Wilson Barrett is rarely at his best in a modern man-of-the-world part. No one would have guessed that he represented a barrister, and it was not till the scenes of pure emotion that he was able to let himself go and show the gifts which have won great popularity for him. Mr. J. H. Barnes played a difficult part admirably, and succeeded in showing character as well as feeling; it would be hard to overrate his work, particularly in the fourth act. A noticeable feature of the first-night was the persistent refusal of Mr. Barrett to respond to a determined call for a speech. The crown of art—the millinery—let me hasten to add, was from the "Maison de Cram."

E. F. SPENCE.

## THE AMERICA CUP RACES

It is noteworthy that light winds have invariably prevailed over the New York Yacht Club course during the season that has generally been chosen for the America Cup match, but the experience on the present occasion is quite unique. Considering the tremendous interest that has been shown in connection with the event, and the excellent spirit that has actuated everybody concerned—except perhaps a few of those in charge of excursion-steamers—nothing could have been more disappointing than the occurrence of three abortive attempts last week to decide the first race, which is either a beat to windward and a run home, or a run out and a beat home.

Without casting any reflection whatever upon American yachtsmen—who, as holders of the Cup, are to a certain extent dictators—it may be incidentally mentioned that light winds have generally been in their favour, and in explanation of this it is only necessary to bear in mind that the defender—unlike the challenger—has not to be built of sufficient strength to enable her to cross the Atlantic. How to obtain stability without loss of speed in light breezes was the problem that Mr. Fife undertook to solve on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, who has proved one of the most popular among men who have taken up the delightful sport of yacht-racing. The measure of success met with by the clever designer has been exceedingly gratifying to both himself and the yacht's very generous owner, and the behaviour of the *Shamrock* has astonished Americans, who are now more than ever convinced that the present challenger is the best boat that has ever left rival shores to risk the passage across the ocean for the purpose of "lifting the Cup."

It was on Oct. 3 that the first race was sailed. The excitement became exceedingly great by reason of the prospect of a stiff breeze. The members of the New York Yacht Club and their guests occupied the large steamer *St. Johns*; Sir Thomas Lipton was on board the *Erin*, on which he entertained Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., the Hon. Charles Russell, and many other guests. Spirits were high, and the music from the numerous excursion-steamers seemed to fill the air with enthusiastic rather than harmonious tones. There was a good deal of crowding in the neighbourhood of the yachts as they prepared for the start, and subsequently the rivals were considerably hampered, the *Columbia* more than the *Shamrock*, proof that there was no unfair intention on the part of the various skippers—simply anxiety to give their patrons a good view.

The wind dropped and progress was slow, but the race was by no means uninteresting, for the lead was held alternately, and though the *Columbia* turned the mark-boat at 1 hr. 38 min. 45 sec., while the *Shamrock's* time was 1 hr. 40 min. 11 sec., the latter soon after crept up. It was now seen that the time limit could not be beaten unless the wind freshened, and, as this did not happen, the yachts practically drifted on until within three miles of the finish, when the race was declared off. The *Shamrock* was at this time a quarter of a mile ahead, and had proved beyond doubt her capabilities in light winds. With regard to the "blanketing" of the steamers, Mr. Iselin was, perhaps, the greater sufferer.

*Shamrock's* display on Oct. 3 may be said to have fairly whetted appetites for the race of two days later. On Oct. 5 the number of excursion-boats and yachts was in excess of the first day, and nothing was wanting to make matters perfect but "a wind that's blowing free." Unfortunately, this was not vouchsafed, and for some time there was a haze that, together with the smoke from the steamers, prevented the yachts being seen. It was quickly apparent that unless things improved the race would again be one of inconclusive character. Light and fluky winds became the order, and sometimes there was but a puff. Both yachts were cleverly handled, Captain Hogarth, of the *Shamrock*, seeming, if anything, to be rather more prompt in his endeavours to turn the sails so as to lose nothing. All to no purpose, however, for the time limit expired before the first leg (fifteen miles) had been reached. As before, the *Shamrock* was ahead at the time of the race being declared off, but it need hardly be said that anything may happen in a drifting match such as this was.

Great disappointment was created by this second abortive attempt, but interest in the match was by no means lessened thereby, as Saturday proved. The bay was full of craft of all descriptions, and as there was a good light and fine breeze there was hope of excitement. Hope, however, told a flattering tale. The wind began to fall off long before the start, and a luffing match went on for the first mile or so. Positions changed interestingly. At first *Columbia* went ahead, and at one time appeared to be going right away. *Shamrock's* spinnaker seemed to be giving trouble, but, this righted, the challenger stole up to her rival, and, getting most of what wind there was, was slightly leading as the mark-boat was turned. Upon very even terms the race proceeded, each yacht making frequent tacks, and progressing very slowly. As each in turn got rather more of the wind, she appeared to lead, but it never seemed probable that the race would prove conclusive, and, indeed, at the expiration of time the yachts had still some half-dozen miles to go. Thus the third attempt to bring off the race turned out as unsuccessful as the two preceding attempts.

American yachtsmen have been surprised at the way the *Shamrock* has behaved in light breezes, and after Saturday's race there were not a few whose opinions were in favour of the *Shamrock's* success in anything like a breeze. Such a result would, it is quite certain, please a large number of Americans; and, it goes without saying, would be very gratifying to Englishmen.



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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury has a double reason to claim public sympathy as well as admiration. In addition to the heavy burdens he has had to bear, particularly in this troublous year, as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of the Queen, it is well known that the noble Marquis has experienced considerable anxiety on account of the grave illness of Lady Salisbury at Walmer Castle. Her Ladyship is, happily, now recovering. But the Transvaal difficulty has increased in complexity. It was at the close of one of the important Cabinet Councils called to deal with this crisis that a *Sketch* snapshot-man took the accompanying photograph of our stalwart Premier entering his carriage, closely attended by his devoted nephew and representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour. It will be observed that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour left the Foreign Office by the door looking on the Horse Guards Parade—thus avoiding the patriotic multitude that assembled at the Parliament Street end of Downing Street to cheer Mr. Chamberlain.

Lieut.-General Sir F. W. E. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., C.M.G., who has taken up the command of the troops in Cape Colony, arrived at Capetown from England Wednesday, Sept. 6, by the *Norham Castle*, and met with a hearty reception. There was a very large crowd assembled on the Loch Jetty to welcome the General, amongst them

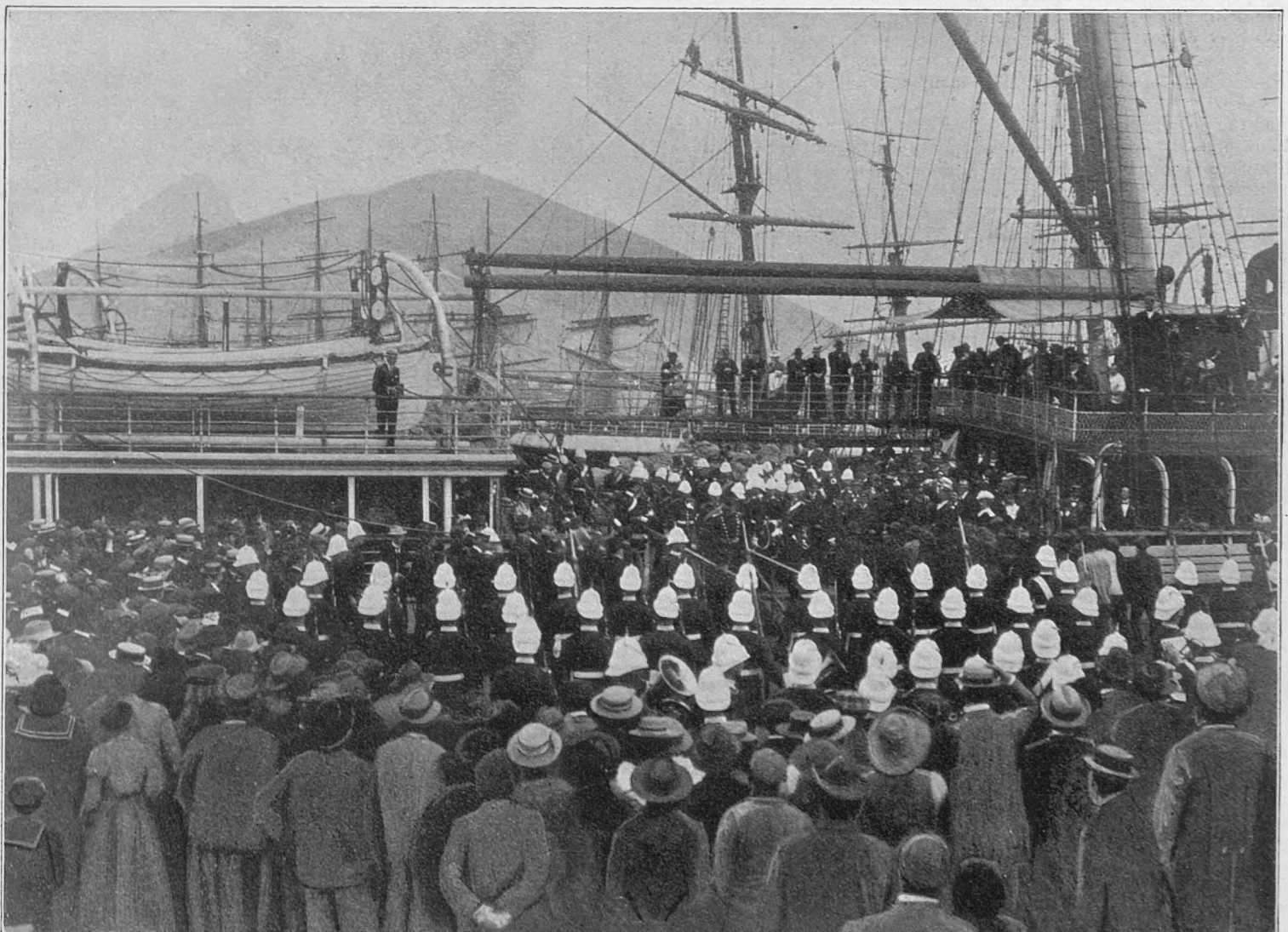


AFTER THE LAST CABINET MEETING: LORD SALISBURY AND MR. BALFOUR LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Photo by Head, St John's Wood.

being a number of officers of the Imperial and Volunteer forces. By the time the vessel was moored at the jetty, close on to two thousand persons were present, order being maintained by the military and dock police, the latter being under Sub-Inspector Martin. Directly the gangways were attached, the officers stepped aboard and greeted the General in turn, at the conclusion of which Sir Frederick was the first to leave the vessel, and inspected the detachment of the North Lancashires which formed the guard of honour. Immediately the General stepped ashore, he received a salute of guns, and the regimental band which accompanied the Lancashire men simultaneously "struck up." The review concluded, General Walker entered a carriage, accompanied by Colonel Hanbury-Williams, and drove away amid enthusiastic cheering. The Infantry detachment then followed at quick march. Crowds cheered the General all along the route to Government House, where he paid his official call. A guard of honour of the Cape Garrison Artillery was mounted here.

Although it is rumoured that the Duke of Connaught is very anxious to join the British troops in South Africa, it is evident that the difficulties created by his rank, military even more than royal, are almost insuperable, for it is well known that His Royal Highness has always earned every step in promotion that he has gained. It seems, therefore, that the only representatives of



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL FORESTIER-WALKER AT CAPE TOWN, SEPT. 6.

Photo by the South African Touring Photographic Company, Capetown.



the Royal Family in the campaign will be Major Prince Christian Victor, of the King's Royal Rifles, who has already been selected for special service, and Prince Alexander of Teck, who is anxious to go in any capacity which will bring him into the thick of the fighting. Both



CAPTAIN WELMAN, TO COMMAND 36TH COMPANY ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Orrib, Southsea.

Royal soldiers have had experience of African warfare. Prince Christian Victor, it will be remembered, accompanied the Ashanti and Khartoum Expeditions, while the Duchess of York's younger brother has already served in South Africa with the 7th Hussars.

It may be hinted that the presence of a subordinate officer of Royal birth is not looked upon with unmixed joy by the responsible leaders in a campaign, for naturally the onus of preserving so important a life falls with peculiar heaviness on shoulders already bowed with the weight of other burdens.

Like the engine-room staff on a battleship, the Army Service Corps is more useful than ornamental. Not that the members of the force, however, are not eminently neat and

workmanlike in their smart blue uniforms with white facings, and round forage-caps set jauntily at a well-defined angle one inch above the right ear, &c. At the same time, for all their belligerent paraphernalia of jingling spurs and burnished scabbards, they are not Cavalrymen, and consequently participation in Balaclava Charges and heroic advances upon Infantry squares are not for them. Their especial functions lie rather in more peaceful directions, and consist chiefly in ministering to what may be termed the domestic arrangements of an Army in barracks or in the field. Everything connected, however remotely, with supply and transport comes within their province, and thus upon the Army Service Corps falls the task of acting as butchers, bakers, carters, and baggage-carriers, &c., for the fighting-men pure and simple.

Upon the manner in which they carry out these responsible duties largely depends the success of military operations. Consequently, when hostilities are in progress, a heavy strain is invariably imposed upon this Arm. Fortunately, the Corps (which, by the way, arose from the ashes of the old Military Train) has ever shown itself perfectly capable of coping with its work. That this will also be the case just now, in South Africa, may be regarded as certain, when the *personnel* of the responsible Staff there is taken into consideration. Here are the names of a few of these officers, every one of whom may be regarded as a specialist in A.S.C. work: Colonel W. D. Richardson, C.B. (in command), Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B., Lieut.-Colonel J. Stoneham, Major H. R. H. Jack, Captain A. K. Seccombe, Captain G. E. Pigott, D.S.O., and Captain Arthur P. Welman, whose portrait appears on this page.

Nearly all the officers doing duty with this Arm in Natal have war-service to their credit. Colonel Richardson, for instance, was in the Ashanti Expedition of 1873, the Boer Campaign of 1881, and the subsequent Egyptian and Bechuanaland operations. Colonel Ward is, of course, already well known for his excellent work in connection with the annual Military Tournament (where for years past he has officiated as "business-manager"), but he has also been actively employed in the Soudan and on the West Coast of Africa. Both Lieut.-Colonel Stoneham and Major Jack have fought in Egypt, while Captain Pigott was, only last year, awarded the D.S.O. for his services on the Nile.

Captain S. Latimer Reynolds, Army Service Corps, is the third son of the Hon. H. J. Reynolds, C.S.I., C.I.E., lately holding the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He joined the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry from Sandhurst in April 1890, and was employed on the Zhob Valley Expedition with his regiment in the same year, transferring to the Army Service Corps as Second Lieutenant in September 1891. He obtained his promotion to Captain in June 1895, thus becoming the youngest Captain in the British Army at the time. He has been selected to command his company for service with the Transvaal Field Force in South Africa, and sailed in the *Braemar Castle* on Saturday last.

By the Queen's special wish, the Duke of York's three children have spent a large portion of this summer and autumn with Her Majesty, first

at Osborne and then at Balmoral, and the Sovereign has become so deeply attached to her great-grandson that it is very probable he will accompany his parents when they pay their usual winter visit to the Queen at Windsor. Prince Edward is a fine, manly-looking child, and though he will be six years old next May, there is as yet no question of providing him, as was done with the Prince of Wales at a very early age, with a tutor or governor. The Duke of York's children were the first Royal personages to leave Deeside for the South, and soon only Her Majesty and those members of the Royal Family who reside with the Sovereign will represent British Royalty in Scotland.

During his recent stay at Mar Lodge the Prince of Wales was seen in a not unfamiliar rôle, that of grandfather. As all his friends and servants have grateful reason to know, His Royal Highness is very fond of children. When he is in Paris he always pays several visits to the principal toy-shops, and returns to this country laden with spoil for his numerous young relations, while the little ones whose parents are admitted to his intimacy are not forgotten.

Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud Duff, who are eight and six respectively, are very attractive children. They are both considered singularly like the Princess of Wales, whom it still seems ridiculous to think of as a grandmother. They have been brought up, in accordance with their father's special wish, far more simply than are any of their cousins on the Continent. As is natural, the Ladies Duff are never so happy as when in their Highland home. The nurseries at Mar Lodge have the advantage of commanding remarkably fine views, for they really form part of the beautiful suite of apartments occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

When the regiments ordered from India to Natal arrive at the front there will be at least one happy meeting—that between the commander of the Cavalry Division and the 19th (Princess of Wales's) Hussars, for Major-General J. D. Pinkstone French saw his regimental service with the 19th, and was with the regiment in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and at Abu Klea and Metemneh. Indeed, the reputation of the 19th as one of the finest Light Cavalry regiments—although one of the youngest—in the Service is largely due to Major-General French, who, though a highly popular officer, is nothing if not thorough, and when he commanded the 19th it acquired the enviable name for efficiency which



CAPTAIN S. L. REYNOLDS, TO COMMAND 13TH COMPANY ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Charleton and Son, Dublin.

it has since so well maintained, and which, under the eye of its old-time commander, it will undoubtedly do its best to retain. Lieut.-Colonel Wolseley-Jenkins, of the 19th, who is in command of the Indian Cavalry Brigade, was a Major in the regiment in those days, and was with it through the Egyptian War of '82 and in the Soudan in 1884.



*The Sketch* has published many family photographs unto the fourth or fifth generation, but this week it presents its readers with one that may truly be termed unique, namely, that of the Commander of the 1st Aldershot Brigade and his two sons. Major-General A. FitzRoy Hart was born in 1844, and at the age of twenty joined the 1st East Surrey (then the 31st Huntingdonshire) as an Ensign, becoming a Lieutenant in 1867. In 1873 he accompanied Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet) to the Gold Coast on "special service," trained a company of "Russell's Regiment," and commanded it during the Ashanti War, taking part in many engagements, and being employed also on survey service. In 1878 he was again in Africa on "special service," and distinguished himself in the Zulu War (several times "mentioned," and promoted).

Three years later he served under Sir Evelyn Wood in the Boer War as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, and in 1882—again on "special service"—went to Egypt, and served throughout the war of that year, being present at all the principal actions (again "mentioned," and promoted, and gaining, besides the two medals, the Fourth Order of the Osmanieh). In the recent Manœuvres, Major-General Hart, it may be remembered, after handling his brigade in a masterly manner, brought it into Aldershot, after a march of twenty miles on a broiling day, in the best of condition, and without dropping a man by the way. His attachment to his old regiment is evinced by the fact that both his sons now belong to the East Surrey, the elder having already seen service with the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, for which he wears the medal.

The recent presentation of colours to the "Gay Gordons" caused many references to the raising of the regiment by the "Beautiful Duchess," but, as a matter of fact, these were rather wide of the mark, as the 2nd Battalion (the 92nd)—despatched from India to South Africa—is the one to which this romantic origin attaches. The Duchess—so the legend goes—actually used to place the bounty-money between her lips as a temptation to the unwilling "Jock." The 1st Battalion was raised seven years before this episode (in 1787), for service in India, as a Highland regiment; but in 1807, owing to the small number of Highlanders in the ranks, it discarded the kilt, and figured from that time till 1881 as an ordinary Line regiment. In 1863 its Scottish origin was so far recognised that it was authorised to wear a "diced border" to the forage-cap. A curious feature in connection with the old 75th is the fact that, though known as "The Stirlingshire," for many years prior to 1881 its dépôt was attached to that of the Dorsetshire Regiment, and stationed at Dorchester or Weymouth, so that when the regiment, then at Malta, discarded the trews for the kilt, many a sturdy Dorsetshire lad blossomed forth as a kilted "Gordon." Indeed, not until the new colours were given them by the Prince did the 75th entirely sever their connection with

"The Stirlingshire," for the old colours—or what was left of them after thirty-five years' service—were the last links that bound them to the past. Till their return home a few months back, the old 75th had not been stationed in Scotland since 1807.

Apropos of Royal Honorary Coloneleies, the Duke of Connaught holds those of the Scots Guards, the Rifle Brigade, and, most fittingly, that of



BOERS ON THE MARCH.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. Law.*

the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons. In addition, His Royal Highness is Colonel of several native Indian regiments, cavalry and foot, and of various English, Irish, and Scottish Militia and Volunteer regiments. Many readers of *The Sketch* were not a little puzzled by the Duke's uniform in the picture of the presentation of colours to the Gordons. Various newspapers had spoken of him as wearing his uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards on that occasion; but here was our "Soldier Prince" in tartan trews, Highland doublet, and plaid, and with a quite unfamiliar head-dress. As a matter of fact, His Royal Highness wore the uniform of the Highland Light Infantry, of whose Militia battalion he is Honorary Colonel. Through all the changes of head-dress by other regiments, the "H.L.I.'s" have stuck to the old shako, and a very pretty cap it makes, with its plaid band, green ball, and Light Infantry tassels. The regiment wears a distinctive tartan, but is a "trewed" corps.

Among the honours which have just been conferred upon various officers in connection with the recent operations in Uganda and British Central Africa, perhaps the most interesting is the Brevet-Lieut.-Coloneley of Captain Claude George Henry Sitwell, who for the past four years has been one of the Vice-Consuls in Uganda. He is a cousin of Sir George Sitwell, who was defeated by a couple of dozen votes only at the last election at Scarborough, for which constituency he had sat in the Parliaments of 1885-86 and 1892-95. The family are connected by marriage-ties with that of the late Hon. H. Hely-Hutchinson, of Weston, in Northamptonshire, one of whose daughters was married to the late Sir Sitwell Resesby Sitwell, the father of the present baronet. During the latter years of his Parliamentary career, Sir George took a prominent part in the agitation against the Armenian atrocities.

The Transvaal War having come to its obvious end—that is, Boers and English having exhausted one another and the natives risen and annihilated both—a little topical play might be written. Call it, say, "One of the Worst." Last few lines might run—

LOBENGULA (*as he wipes BULLER off his assegai, to his wife, "MRS. JACKSON"*). When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own.

CECIL RHODES (*in articulo mortis*). They have done for me at last, Kruger; my backbone is shot through.

KRUGER (*using Union Jack to wipe his tears away*). My suzerain! (*Dies; music.*)

Even if the Transvaal is wiped out, Mr. Kruger (pronounced "Kruyer," Uitlander reader) will be by no means destitute. He has capital invested in Germany which brings him in about £30,000 a-year, and would probably settle in that country, supposing things to go wrong with him in South Africa.

A handsome building in Piccadilly, situated next door to the Junior Constitutional Club, which was for a short space occupied by the "New Traveller's Club" (an unfortunate venture), and has since then had no tenant, save Harrod's, who took the premises for a week or so at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, will, in the early part of December, open its doors as the "Junior Naval and Military Club." The venture should certainly be successful, as there are innumerable candidates waiting for election to all our old-established clubs, and, in most cases, the "Juniors," provided as a kind of ante-rooms to the parent clubs, have been fortunate.

The Naval and Military, housed in Palmerston's old home with its new annexe, a few doors east of the proposed new club-house, is no



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN, WHO PERFORMS CHARMINGLY MISS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," ON TOUR.

*Photo by Miell and Ridley, Bournemouth.*



exception to the rule, and there is little doubt that hundreds of young officers waiting for election there will welcome the new club as a temporary home, a step in the right direction. The entrance-fee is, I believe, to be twenty-five guineas, but this will be waived in the cases of the first six hundred members. The annual subscription will be eight guineas, and the usual reduction will, of course, be made to members serving abroad. The Club will be welcome even to the outsider who is connected with neither Service, for the appearance of the empty building month after month has been noticeably melancholy in so bright, lively, and handsome a thoroughfare as historic Piccadilly. It has, indeed, been a matter for wonder that premises in such a neighbourhood should have remained so long unoccupied. The building, by the way, is, I think, on the magnificent Sutton estate, the fortunate owner of which has still a long minority, in which his property will improve immensely in value.

Familiar as the title of "Sirdar" now sounds to English ears, we must dismiss any associations we may have formed in connection with Lord Kitchener of Khartoum when we look at our friend in the picture on page 538. In most parts of India, a Sirdar, though not of world-wide fame, is still a man of rank and position. The headmen in the Darjeeling tea-gardens are generally persons of more or less influence with labour, but are very likely to be prophets without honour in their own country, Nepal, where, in fact, they have often been only slaves. Their business is to recruit coolies for work in the tea-gardens, at a commission of eight annas (now about eightpence) per head a month. They may or may not unite with this the work of superintendence of labour—overseeing the work of plucking the leaf in the garden, or sorting the different qualities in the sorting-house, being responsible for the proper performance of the work by the coolies under them.

The Victoria Falls (see p. 537) are on the outskirts of Darjeeling—in fact, almost within the town itself. They are situated on the Victoria Road, which skirts one of the lower sides of the town below Jellapahar, the military station. The precipitous nature of the country may be imagined from the fact that falls of such magnitude should occur on what, prior to the recent appalling floods, was nothing but a small mountain-torrent, and at a distance of only about half-a-mile from its source.

Among pleasing features in the Press Bazaar lately held in Sydney in aid of the Queen Victoria Homes for Consumptives, the Magazine Occult stall took a prominent place. Mrs. Katharine St. Hill, of British fame as a palmist, who was on a visit to the Colonies, kindly gave her services as a delineator of the lines of the hand. Crystal-gazers, card-readers, and phrenologists also carried on their occult arts for the benefit of the cause. Twelve young ladies in the fancy-dresses of different nations, and wearing the badges of various well-known English magazines, had stands throughout the building, where they sold tickets admitting the bearer to the stall, where they might have their hands,

heads, or cards read, according to taste. *The Sketch* was represented by Miss Edith Lenthall, and, as the crowds passed her stand, its popularity was evidenced by the frequent remark, "Let us take our tickets at *The Sketch* stand." It is such a charming paper, and we all



MISS EDITH LENTHALL REPRESENTING "THE SKETCH," HER FAVOURITE PAPER, AT A BAZAAR HELD IN SYDNEY.

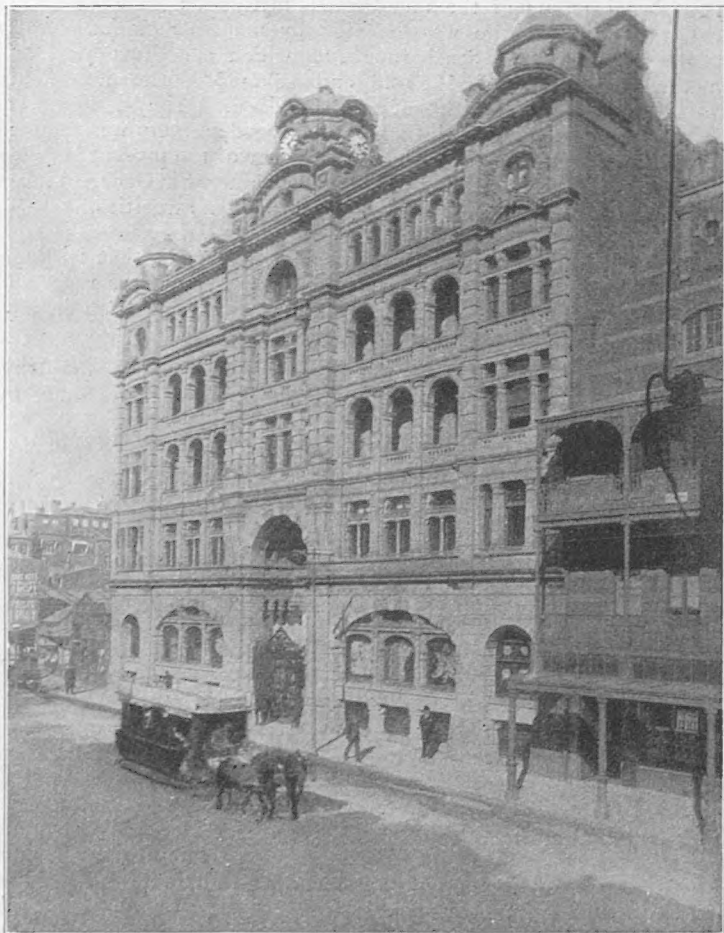
Photo by the Falk Studios, Sydney.

read it." [*The Sketch* feels a rosy hue suffuse it at this nice compliment from the Antipodes. "Advance"—to the top—"Australia!"]

Good progress is now being made with the Queen's new yacht, but the rate at which this ship will be completed will not compare with that of an ordinary warship, for, of course, great attention is being paid to details that usually are not the subject of a second thought. Soon the new *Victoria and Albert* should be ready for the finishing touches, and for these she will be taken from Pembroke Dockyard, where she has been built, to Portsmouth. Six months hence she should be ready for her Royal passengers.

Meantime, some people are asking whether the Lords of the Admiralty will not soon be asking Parliament to vote them funds to build a new yacht for their official use. Every visitor to Portsmouth Dockyard is familiar with the present old paddle-wheel ship which has done duty for so many years. The *Enchantress* was originally known as the *Helicon*, and was laid down at Portsmouth thirty-eight years ago. She is quite an old type of ship, like the present *Victoria and Albert*. Built of wood, she has a displacement of only a thousand tons, with a beam of 28½ feet, a length of 220 feet, and a draught of exactly 10 feet. At her very best she cannot steam at twelve knots an hour, so that she is not by any means a greyhound of the ocean. Moreover, she carries only 180 tons of coal, so that she cannot travel far without refilling her bunkers. She is, nevertheless, a pretty ship, and well suited to those Lords of the Admiralty who value steady travelling more highly than speed. The question is whether, now that on official occasions the Royal Standard will be carried by a large, swift, modern yacht, the Admiralty flag ought not to fly from some more pretentious vessel than the *Enchantress*. The probability is that the authorities will decide that when occasion requires them to go afloat they can use one of the existing ships of the Navy. After all, the Lords of the Admiralty are not sea-dogs, as a rule, and they do not spend all their time on the briny, not by any means.

The many naval friends of Lieutenant Takerabe, of the Japanese Navy, who has been stationed at Portsmouth for the last eighteen months or so, will be interested to hear that he will take the destroyer *Niji* out to Japan next February. This vessel is building at Thornycroft's yard, Chiswick, and is one of six, the first five of which have either gone already to Japan or else are on the point of doing so. Captain Kondo, of the Constructive Department, who is better known at Greenwich and in the North of England than at Portsmouth and Devonport, is also leaving England for Japan in the course of the next few weeks.



EXPLORATION BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.  
Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. Law.



An "Old Transvaaler" writes: "A visit to His Honour the present ruler of the Transvaal, prior to the friction that has arisen between him and the Suzerain Power, was an experience decidedly out of the ordinary intercourse with high dignitaries. To begin with, it is not every potentate that receives his guests at 5 a.m., for you must be ready to go out with the morning milk if you aspire to the honour of being received by the President of the South African Republic [whose likeness will be found on another page of *The Sketch*]. The old man still keeps up the habits of early rising of his younger days, when he had to be up at the first glimpse of dawn to inspan his oxen for the morning 'trek.' And the hour suits his faithful burghers, not his Hollander officials, whom he looks upon as poor, effeminate, book-learned creatures, only one degree better than the despised Uitlanders. It is the real 'Takhaar landsvader' who is his soul's delight. A 'Takhaar' Boer is one whose hair is so matted together through years of abstinence from combs, soap, and water that he has become 'branch-haired.' There is a legend that one of these fathers of the land was once washed, with the result that, after he had been through six waters, an old flannel shirt was found on him!

sentinelled by those two marble lions which the late Barney Barnato gave to 'Oom Paul'—(a curious gift, in view of subsequent events!)—must have heard many strange State secrets. It is not so often that one is invited into the drawing-room, which is the first door on the left as you enter the house. Really, one could imagine that one was in an English farmer's big best parlour, save for the portrait of the President at the end, surmounted by the Transvaal Arms and glorified by the draping of Transvaal flags. On looking round, it seems as if Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man were reproduced in Paul Krugers, for his familiar features look down at one in all stages of his existence from about a dozen pictures.

"His son, who showed me round the house, seemed a very decent young fellow and spoke English fluently; but one could not help thinking to oneself, on looking at his bucolic features and ready-made clothes, that, if you saw him at your door in England, you would think he had called for your daily-meat order. Still, as far as dress goes, he is a decided advance on 'Oom Paul,' whose crape-clad silk hat belongs to an



NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES: ON THE MARCH.



NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES: IN CAMP.



NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES: GROUP OF OFFICERS.



NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES: A TYPICAL GROUP.

From Photographs by L. Bernard Jensen, Durban, Natal.

"A *sine quâ non* with 'Oom Paul' is that you speak Dutch; English he will not understand. Provided you can only talk the 'Taal,' you are on a different footing. He will unbend enough to order coffee for you, for which coffee he gets a special allowance of £300 per annum voted by his faithful Raad. This in addition to the trifle of £7000 per annum he draws as salary, but which, it is said, Mrs. Kruger (*the* 'Mrs. Kruger' immortalised by Mr. Chamberlain) makes it her proud boast she is able to save entirely, and run the house on the coffee-money alone. It is a very unpretentious residence; certainly nothing about it to indicate the abode of the leading man of the nation, unless it be a young sentry lolling about whistling the 'Volkslied,' or reading the morning's *Press*, as his fancy dictates. The blue-gum trees which tower above the house and shadow it make the long one-storeyed building, separated only a few yards from the street, look lower than it really is. But it is a comfortable place, in keeping with the rural simplicity of 'pretty Pretoria,' with its grass-bordered streets and hedges of roses fencing in the white houses nestling in the shade of glorious weeping-willows and gum-trees.

"Of course, in Pretoria, where, even in mid-winter, it is rarely unpleasantly cold [continues the "Old Transvaaler"], open-air life is the rule, and consequently the 'stoep' (or, as we in England call it, verandah) is the most important part of the house. Here the President almost invariably receives his visitors, and that wide deal-floored stoep,

age in the earth's history which antiquarians have failed to classify. It is certainly the same hat which figures alongside of his pipe and his Bible in the old portrait of him in the Raadzaal which hangs over his chair there.

"The effect of the President, clad in a green silk scarf over a greasy frock-coat, taking his pipe out of his mouth and rising to address his faithful but sometimes turbulent burghers, requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. He is not easy to follow, unless you are very conversant with the 'Taal,' as in loud, guttural Dutch, accentuated by the frequent smacking of his hands, he hammers in his ideas willy-nilly and brooks no opposition. If anger and leaving the Raad in a huff will not carry his point, he is as ready as was Bismarck to threaten resignation; but no one would be more surprised than himself if he were unexpectedly taken at his word.

"Not that there is any likelihood of it, for the old man has steered his country round so many difficult corners, has hitherto proved himself so wise in counsel, so strong in war, so successful in diplomatic encounters with every trained politician in Europe, so fearless and so wary on fields of battle, where he worked himself up to be Commandant-General—before he became President—that it is small wonder indeed the Boers have faith in his star."

This is essentially an age of "specialists," in military as in civil matters. Accordingly, the officers selected for either Special or Staff service in South Africa just now are all men who have claims for such appointments that cannot be ignored. Among the latest of those upon



MAJOR PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, 4TH KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, WHO HAS GONE TO SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

whom Lord Wolseley's choice has fallen in this matter of appointments to the Staff in Natal are Lieut.-General Lord Methuen, K.C.V.O., Major-General C. F. Clery, C.B., Major-General A. G. Wauchope, C.B., Colonel J. F. Brocklehurst, M.V.O., and Major H.H. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, G.C.B.

Lord Methuen's experience of war dates from the Ashanti Expedition of 1873. He has also since served in the Egyptian, Bechuanaland, and Tirah Campaigns, and in the last-named of these he acted as Press Censor. A story told of him in South Africa illustrates rather happily his intense hatred of affectation and conceit of any description. While operations were in progress on the veld, Methuen (so runs the tale) happened to be in command of a company of irregulars. Their ranks contained two or three young settlers who had the extremely bad taste to give themselves airs on account of their superior social position. One fine morning, one of these individuals was brought up before the Commanding Officer for some trivial offence and reprimanded accordingly. Thereupon the trooper indignantly exclaimed, "I don't think you quite know who I am, sir? I am the Hon. Augustus —!" "Indeed?" replied Methuen imperturbably; "how interesting! Permit me to introduce myself. I am Paul Sanford, Lord Methuen, and have the honour of sentencing you to fourteen days' C.B."

Major-General Clery, C.B., took part in the Zulu War of twenty years ago, and subsequently did good work in Egypt. He is a famous "drill," and "Clery's Minor Tactics" has long been a standard textbook among European Armies. A great deal of Staff employment has come in his way. Among other offices that he has held have been those of Instructor at Sandhurst, Commandant at Camberley College, and Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Forces at the War Office.

Major-General Wauchope, C.B. (famously known in Service circles as "Andy"), has just passed his fifty-third birthday. In 1865 he joined the famous "Black Watch" and rose to the command of his battalion. He has been through four campaigns, and in three of them has been badly wounded. For his services in the Nile Expedition of 1898 he was "thanked by both Houses of Parliament" and specially promoted to Major-General.

Colonel Brocklehurst, who has been selected for the command of the cavalry on the lines of communication in Natal, is Lieut.-Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, and last June was appointed Equerry to the Queen. He served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 with his regiment, and also in the Soudan Expedition of 1884.

Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, reference to whom is made in another paragraph, scarcely needs an introduction to *Sketch* readers. The eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, he is now thirty-two, and was educated at Wellington College, Magdalen College, Oxford, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He joined the King's Royal Rifles eleven years ago, and has seen a great deal of war-service, including the Hazara Expedition of 1890, the Miranzai Expedition of the same year, and the Isazai Expedition of '92. Three years later he took part in the Ashanti Expedition which brought such heavy sorrow to Her Majesty through the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and was promoted Brevet-Major in recognition of his services. Last year he was at Omdurman with the Sirdar. Latterly he has been serving with his regiment in Ireland. Arriving at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, the 4th inst., to bid his parents good-bye, he sailed for South Africa on Friday last by the *Braemar Castle*. He is very popular with his regiment, and is a keen cricketer. Indeed, nothing delights him more when at home at Cumberland Lodge than to get up a match, in which he usually captains his side, and generally comes off with the bat.

Major Count Gleichen, who is going out to Africa as one of Sir Redvers Buller's Staff, is the only son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (the son of Her Majesty's half-sister), at one time an Admiral in the British Navy, and, later, Governor of Windsor Castle. Count Gleichen's mother was the daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour, so that, in spite of his patronymic, the Count, who was educated entirely in this country, is more than half an Englishman. He joined the Grenadier Guards eighteen years ago, and besides taking part in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 in the Guards Camel Corps, has held various Staff appointments. He was attached to Sir West Ridgeway's Mission to Morocco in 1893, three years later went on special service to the Soudan, and, as may be recollected, was a member of Mr. Rennell Rodd's Mission to Menelik two years ago, probably the biggest mission in point of individual physical proportions that ever left this or any other country. Besides being a good shot and, as becomes the son and grandson of an Admiral, a yachting-man, Count Gleichen is a doughty penman, and, in addition to numerous articles, translations, &c., has recounted his earlier experience in the Soudan in "With the Camel Corps up the Nile," his latest book being "With the Mission to Menelik." In spite of his royal relationship, Count Gleichen's promotion has been anything but rapid.

The most prominent officers of the Boer Forces are, of course, the Generals. Although President Kruger's Army is not large numerically, it has, nevertheless, a good many Generals in it. Chief among these is Pietrus Jacobus Joubert. "Commandant-General of the Forces of the South African Republic." A Cape Colonist by birth, he was born at Cango in 1834, and is thus now in his sixty-fifth year. His career has



MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN, WHO IS JOINING GENERAL BULLER'S STAFF.

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

been a varied one, as he has been by turns a lawyer, a soldier, and a statesman. However, he has always contrived "to come out on top" in whatever business he has been engaged in so marked a manner that among his compatriots he has earned for himself the sobriquet of



"Slem Piet" (namely, "Crafty Peter"). During the hostilities with England in 1881 he commanded the Transvaal Forces, and certainly showed himself possessed of a certain amount of military ability. When the Republic was annexed by us, he accompanied President Kruger to this country on a diplomatic mission.

Joubert's chief assistants are Generals Cronje, Jan Kock, Malan, and Schalk Burger. These are respectively in command of the Boer Forces



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MAJOR E. W. BLUNT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

on the south-west border of the Transvaal, the Natal border, Rustenburg, and the eastern border. The first-named General took a prominent part in the unfortunate episodes of Majuba Hill and Bronkerspruit. More recently he again came to the front, owing to the fact that it was to him that, after the Battle of Doornkop, in January 1895, "Dr. Jim" surrendered. Jan Kock is said to be a good disciplinarian, and, accordingly, it is upon him that has devolved the task of bringing the Boer recruits into shape. Generals Malan and Schalk Burger have not much reputation so far.

I was enabled a short time ago to give a photograph of the late Mr. Robert Peck, through the courtesy of a member of his family. It was attributed to Mr. Kingham, of Bedford, but I learn now that he must have copied it from the lifelike photograph taken by Mr. W. Crooke, the very well-known photographic artist, of 103, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, and I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to that gentleman for the courtesy he has shown in calling attention to the error inadvertently committed.

Miss Zillie Tilbury (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), who has been nearly burnt to death, was the prime mover in the second benefit to Miss Lydia Thompson, her mother, with whom she was staying when the accident took place. She was in evening-dress, and her arms and neck have been terribly burned. Mr. Arthur Lewis a short time ago offered Captain Dreyfus £2000 a-week to go on a lecturing tour just before public interest in the "Affaire" evaporated, but this was refused.

The engagement of a peeress in her own right is an interesting event, and it is a long time—in fact, the betrothal of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was the last occasion—since such a social announcement has been made. The Countess of Cromartie came of age only this summer, and her engagement to Major E. W. Blunt was first made known last week. The marriage of the great Scottish heiress affects an exceptional number of

her countrymen and countrywomen, for Lady Cromartie is the possessor of very large estates, including the increasingly popular watering-place, Strathpeffer Spa. Through her grandmother, the late Duchess of Sutherland—the "good Duchess," who was the Queen's intimate friend—Lady Cromartie is the representative of the ancient family of the Hay Mackenzies. Till four years ago Lady Cromartie was known to the world as Lady Sibell Mackenzie, but the Queen called the title out of the abeyance into which it had fallen in favour of Lady Sibell and her sister, Lady Constance.

Tarbat House, Ross-shire, where Lady Cromartie and Major Blunt will take up their residence after their marriage, is one of the most picturesque mansions in Scotland. It has hitherto been occupied by Lady Cromartie's mother, Lilian Countess of Cromartie, and the latter's second husband. Should the marriage not take place in Scotland, Lady Cromartie will be married from Stafford House. Not only is she the niece of the present Duke of Sutherland, but during the last three seasons she has often been chaperoned by the beautiful Duchess, whose widely different type of beauty forms a piquant contrast to that of her young kinswoman.

*The Sketch's* good friends, Messrs. G. West and Son, the marine photographers, of Southsea, have resolved themselves patriotically into national recruiting agents for the Navy. Their admirable animated photographs of life on board a man-of-war (to be exhibited on Saturday afternoon at the Regent Street Polytechnic) induced hosts of lads at Sheffield and Newcastle-on-Tyne to join the Navy.

A page of portraits in *The Sketch* dated Sept. 20 showed my readers how clever is Miss Alice Pierce, the American mimic, now performing nightly at the Palace Theatre. Unfortunately, one of these portraits was labelled "As Miss Mabel Love," when it should have been "As Mrs. Tree in the character of Ophelia." However, since Miss Pierce was kind enough to call and point out the mistake, I cannot say that I am really as penitent as I ought to be.

My fair friends who worship at the shrine of Madame la Mode will agree with me that the *Lady's Pictorial* has been improved wonderfully of late. It has gained in variety and in elegance. Well deserved as its high reputation is, I imagine, from what I hear, that it will be vastly enhanced by the rare attractiveness of its special Autumn Fashion Number, to which bold advertisement is given on this page. These elaborate Fashion Numbers, bringing home to every household the latest changes in dress and millinery, were originated by the *Lady's Pictorial*. The brilliancy and *Pilotelle* piquancy for which the *Lady's Pictorial* is justly remarkable will be particularly noticeable in this grand forthcoming Autumn Fashion Number, due on Oct. 19.



It is interesting for medical men to observe that Admiral Dewey, by taking off his hat so often, has got tennis-elbow. We may expect to hear that Sir Thomas Lipton is suffering from bicycle-heart owing to the excitement, or has contracted ballet-dancer's instep from trying to "lift" the Cup. It was lucky for the Admiral to arrive in time to share in the Liptomaniac demonstrations. He would otherwise have been so forgotten that people would have had to look up "Dewey" in encyclopædias to recollect who he was. He has been, however, occasionally noticed. In the chorus of "What's wrong with Thomas for President?" there were distinct cries of "What's the matter with Dewey?" In the American language, these are, of course, simply "rhetorical questions requiring no answer." If your enthusiasm, however, becomes heated beyond the flash-point, you can reply, "Nothing." The world is considered to have nothing further in the way of glory to offer.

Admiral Dewey left peaceful Manila and has met his "fête" like a brave man. There is no truth in the rumour that he said to one deputation, "Approach, gentlemen, approach; I'm a man, just like yourselves." A senator who was to join a deputation of welcome was arrested by mistake by a policeman, who took him for a pickpocket. Considering the state of American politics, was the policeman as great a fool as he looked? Admiral Sampson, by-the-bye, compares the "three great Admirals in modern history"—Nelson, Farragut, and Dewey. He might have alluded to Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and General Miles—the three great military geniuses the world has produced.

One of the methods arranged for doing honour to Admiral Dewey is to be the presentation to him of a loving-cup, which, apart from the distinction that it will have been subscribed for by at least fifty thousand people, whose subscriptions have been limited to the dime, or smallest American silver coin, worth fivepence, will also be noteworthy from the fact that it is the largest goblet which has ever been made. It stands just over six feet high, about twice as high as the largest cups which have hitherto been made; its diameter at the widest is about three feet, and it has a holding capacity of fifteen gallons, so that, allowing half-a-pint for each individual, 240 people might drink from it without its being replenished. The cost of this Gargantuan goblet will be at least £1000, and it is a splendid specimen of the silversmith's art.

Mr. Harry Liston, whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* dated Sept. 20 as one of Mr. Charles Morton's satellites, writes to assure me that he is not so old as I made him appear to be. He was born in 1843, and was not known in London in 1859—the date appended to his portrait—but made a very successful début in the Metropolis in 1865. He would date the portrait about 1869. He is still in full harness, touring the provinces with his famous monologue, "Merry Moments."

Miss Alice Aynsley Cook, who is playing in "The Prince of Borneo," at the Strand, has done good work with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's and other important travelling companies. Miss Aynsley Cook was in "The Grand Duchess," with Miss Julia Mathews, at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Hollingshead, who was then the manager of the Gaiety, gave her a three years' engagement. Miss Cook was a member of the company that Mr. D'Oyly Carte sent out to South America and that played there for sixteen months. In South Africa she played under the management of the Wheelers, one of whom is Mr. Frank Wheeler, her manager at the Strand, in such pieces as "A Gaiety Girl" and "In Town." In her time Miss Cook has been one of the best "principal boys." For five successive years she was "principal boy" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and for three years at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, which was then Mr. Wilson Barrett's house. When Sir Augustus Harris died, Miss Cook was fortunate enough to have her engagements continued by his successors. By the way, Miss Aynsley Cook is the sister of Carl Rosa's famous basso—not, as is almost invariably said, his daughter.

## ELLA ZUILA OF THE HIGH WIRE.

There has been considerable sensation out Sydenham way lately at the popular Palace called Crystal. The last time I had occasion to visit this lordly home of amusement it was to witness the spectacle of a lady in a den of lions. This time it was a lady on a high wire, sixty feet from the ground.

Madame Zuila does not confine her efforts to merely walking on the wire; she also runs, dances, sits, cycles, fires a cannon, smokes, drinks on it. In short, there is scarcely anything which we ordinary bipeds may do on *terra-firma* which Madame Zuila cannot do with equal facility in the air. Nerves? Ye gods! Why, to merely gaze down from the balcony running level with the wire is to experience a sudden thrill, but the bare contemplation of venturing upon the wire itself with no other support than an eighteen-pound pole is sufficient to cause the mind of the supersensitive journalist to reel and totter.

Madame Zuila holds her vast audience breathless, spellbound! The nervous tension is quite painful, which ever and anon is broken by sundry ejaculations of relief when a trick is ended, of alarm when disaster appears imminent. There is a remarkable fascination in the performance, which seems to simultaneously attract and repel. I do not think I can adequately explain this feeling, but it may arise from the fact of the performer being a woman. I saw Blondin here some years ago, and I know I was not moved then as by the more recent exhibition of daring. One of the most noteworthy features of the performance is that the coolest, steadiest, and most unconcerned individual present is—Ella Zuila. She smiles down at the people, then makes a pretence of slipping, emits a little scream, and trembles. All of which is very unkind and very inconsiderate of the lady. We are not all blessed with nerves of Bessemer steel!

The performance begins with a graceful walk across the wire, varied with a pirouette or two and a deliberate run back, the while keeping step with the music. Then she crosses again with her feet fixed in small baskets, and returns with a formidable-looking cannon on wheels. With the latter she pauses in the middle of the wire, applies a match to the fuse, and there follows a report which seems to shake the very foundations of the building, and might almost be heard by "Oom Paul" in the Transvaal! But Ella has not turned a hair; she is smiling through the smoke and waving a dainty kerchief.

When this little manœuvre is over, the smoke cleared away, and the drums of our ears returned to their normal condition, we perceive the lady once more upon the wire, seated unconcernedly in a chair. But

this orthodox position does not satisfy the performer; she must needs climb on to the back and stand straight up. Anon, she introduces a table, at which she sits and quaffs liquid refreshment and puffs at meditative cigarettes. When she has done this to her heart's content, she goes a-wheeling, and, bestride the inevitable "bike," races across at top speed. All this with the greatest nonchalance.

Upon the occasion of my visit, Madame Zuila was pleased to take the well-known comedian and vocalist, Mr. Charles Coborn, across on her back, and Mr. Coborn was pleased to acquiesce in this arrangement. The latter, under the circumstances, was no insignificant concession; but there is nothing like perfect mutual trust in these affairs. Madame said she was sure she could do it, and Charles was equally confident that she could, and the result proved that both were correct, and both are to be highly commended for their pluck and intrepidity. Personally, I have no ambition in that direction; but that is neither here nor there.

Altogether, it is a wonderful performance by a wonderful woman. Madame is a native of Sydney, is a linguist, has visited almost every country on the face of the earth, and always surprised the inhabitants, is cool as an iceberg, firm as a rock, never knew fear, and first appeared in public after only a fortnight's preparation.

Odzoos, what a combination, even in these days of accumulation of accomplishments!

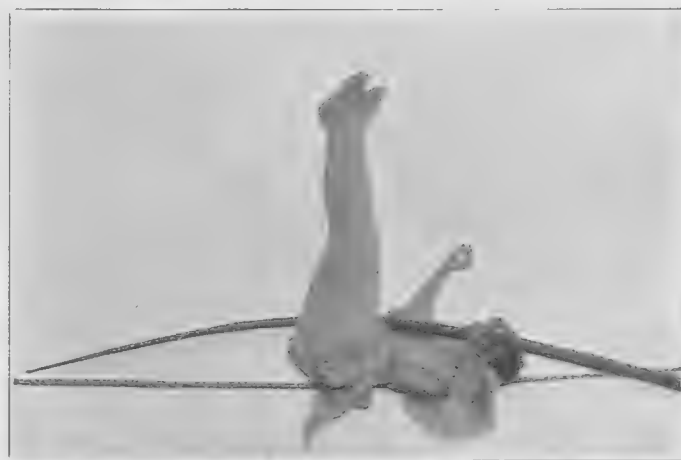
H. L. A.



MADAME ELLA ZUILA, THE WONDERFUL HIGH-WIRE ARTIST, WHO HAS LATELY BEEN PERFORMING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.





MADAME ELLA ZUILA ON THE HIGH WIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS STUDIO, LONDON, F.C.

## ARMS AND THE MEN.

The war bacillus is very much to the fore just now, and so anything connected, however remotely, with the heads of the Army is eagerly read.

WOLSELEY, WOOD, BULLER, BRACKENBURY, CLARKE, ARDAGH, AND HARRISON

are all men of the moment, for it is upon them that rests the chief responsibility for the direction of the military machine. Consequently, some authentic information about these different officers—their work, and methods of performing it—should prove of special interest at this juncture.

In the official "War Office List," the duties of each of the great Military Departments are carefully detailed, and the amount of responsibility exacted of their respective heads is set down in black-and-white. Thus, against the name of

## FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY,

it is stated that, as Commander-in-Chief, he "exercises general control over Her Majesty's Military Forces at Home and Abroad, issues Army Orders, and holds periodical inspections of the troops, is principal adviser to the Secretary of State, and is charged with the general supervision of the Military Departments of the War Office," &c.

It was on Nov. 1, 1895, that, at the age of sixty-two, Lord Wolseley succeeded H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. An Irishman by birth, he was born in June 1833, at Golden Bridge House, Dublin, and from his father, Major Wolseley, he received his Christian names of Garnet Joseph. In those days, boys went out into the world earlier than they do now, and so, when barely seventeen years old, he joined the present Suffolk Regiment as Ensign. Anxiety to see service induced him to effect an exchange into the 80th Foot almost immediately, and with them

## HE WENT THROUGH THE BURMESE CAMPAIGN

of 1852-53. While leading a storming-party through the jungle, the young soldier was desperately wounded in the thigh. Nevertheless, he refused to allow himself to be carried off the ground until the rebels' intrenchment had been taken. When medical assistance was eventually obtained, it was found that he was so badly hurt that he had to be invalided home. A few months later he went to the 90th Light Infantry as Lieutenant, and accompanied the regiment

## TO THE CRIMEA

in the terrible winter of 1854. So heavy was the casualty-list in this campaign that when barely of age Wolseley found himself a Captain. By the end of the year still further promotion was accorded him, for he now became a Brevet-Major. While working in the trenches, he was again badly wounded. This time he was struck in the face by a portion of a shell, with the result that the sight of one eye was totally destroyed.

Hardly had he been restored to health again when the breaking-out of the Indian Mutiny called him once more to arms. Sailing with his regiment, he landed at Calcutta and joined

## COLIN CAMPBELL'S LUCKNOW RELIEF FORCE.

Then he served on the Staff of Sir Hope Grant in Nepal, and gained promotion to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy before he was twenty-six—thereby establishing for himself something of a record. A spell of active service in China followed, where, also under Sir Hope Grant, he was present at all the principal actions of the war of 1860.

After these eight years of hard fighting, Wolseley experienced, for the first time in his military career, a prolonged spell of garrison-duty. It was during this period that he married, and in 1868 he took his wife out to Canada, where he was serving as Assistant-Quartermaster-General. A couple of years later, he tasted the sweets of independent command. This was in the Red River Expedition. On its successful conclusion, he was made a K.C.M.G.

## HIS GREAT ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY

next earned him a Staff appointment at the War Office. This, however, he presently relinquished in order to take command of the Ashanti Expedition of 1873. In three months' time he had carried this through with such success that on returning home he found a large accumulation of honours awaiting him. Thus, in addition to promotion to Major-General's rank, he was advanced to the dignity of G.C.M.G. and made a K.C.B., granted £25,000 by Parliament, given the thanks of both Houses, and made a D.C.L. by the University of Cambridge.

In 1875 Major-General Sir Garnet J. Wolseley, K.C.B.,

## WENT OUT TO NATAL

for a few months on a special mission as Acting-Governor, but returned to the War Office before the end of the year. Then followed office as High Commissioner of Cyprus, and, after this, a tour of active service in Zululand. While the Transvaal troubles of 1881 were in progress, Wolseley was Quartermaster-General at home. After a couple of years of such employment, he went to Egypt, in command of the Forces who were trying conclusions with Arabi Pasha. As a reward for his services here, he was promoted full General, created a Baron, and again thanked by Parliament. In 1884 he went to Egypt for the second time. On this occasion he was at the head of the Expedition that had been organised to relieve Gordon. Although this was not accomplished, unfortunately, a great deal of hard fighting was carried out, for the

"Fuzzy-Wuzzies" proved stubborn foes. However, they were eventually shown the error of their ways, and, as a result, "Baron Wolseley of Cairo" became "Viscount Wolseley."

Five years' employment at the War Office were now succeeded by a similar period as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. This brings one to the year 1895, in the November of which he was elevated to his present position of

## COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

(under the Queen) of the British Army. He is also Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Irish Regiment. As

ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO THE FORCES, GENERAL SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD, G.C.M.G., V.C.,

"is charged with the discipline, military education, and training of the whole of the Regular, Reserve, and Auxiliary Forces," and, in the absence of the Commander-in-Chief, acts for him. For two years Sir Evelyn (as he is best known) has held this position. It is probable that very few people are aware that Wood's first love was the Royal Navy. This, however, is the case, for from 1852-55 he was a Midshipman on H.M.S. *Queen*, and as such served in the Black Sea fleet, under Admiral Dundas, at the bombardment of Odessa. Subsequently, going ashore with the Naval Brigade, he became A.D.C. to Captain Peel, R.N., and was present at Inkerman.

In September 1855 he joined the 13th Light Dragoons, and shortly afterwards went to India. Here the Sepoy Mutiny had just commenced, and consequently the young Cornet soon saw plenty of active service. In the course of this he so distinguished himself that, when only twenty years of age, he gained the V.C.

Remaining in the country after the campaign was concluded, Wood showed his cavalry genius by raising the Central Indian Horse. In 1861 he became Captain, and in the following year Major. This recalled him to England, where he successively served in the 73rd and 17th Foot. He also now put in a long spell of Staff service at Aldershot. This, however, was broken by his taking part in the Ashanti Campaign of 1873. Just twenty years ago he went out on special employment to South Africa, and came so much to the front in the Zulu War that he was "mentioned in despatches" no less than fourteen times. For his services in the field he was made a K.C.B.

## IN THE TRANSVAAL CAMPAIGN

that followed, he was given the command when too late to be of use, and the humiliating result was that, although he had far more than enough men behind him to retrieve our reverse at Majuba Hill, he was forced to conclude peace with the enemy. Referring to this, Sir Evelyn has often said that, if only cable communication with the War Office had been cut off for a week when he was in the Transvaal, there would be no trouble there to-day.

On returning home in 1882, Wood (now a Major-General) was given a command in the Egyptian Expedition that had just been despatched from England. A year later, he undertook the great work from which we are now deriving so much benefit—the raising of the Egyptian Army. As first British Sirdar (that is, Commander-in-Chief) of the Force, Sir Evelyn has erected a monument to his name that can never be forgotten. In 1886 he came back to England and held commands, first, in the Eastern District, and, next, at Aldershot. Six years ago he went to the War Office as Quartermaster-General, and, four years later, succeeded Sir Redvers-Buller as Adjutant-General.

## GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON, K.C.B.,

comes immediately after Wood in order of seniority. Since April 1898 he has been Inspector-General of Fortifications at the War Office. As a Lieutenant, he joined the "Sappers" four-and-forty years ago, and attained his present rank in 1895.

## GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

In May 1858, a young man of whom nothing of any great importance was known at the time joined the 60th Rifles as Ensign. To-day, however, it is safe to assert that there are very few Englishmen indeed to whom his name and exploits are not familiar. This is because the Rifleman of 1858 is now General the Right Hon. Sir Redvers Henry Buller, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.C., and the man on whom the thoughts of every soldier in the Empire are naturally inclined.

Sir Redvers' life has been so crowded with incident that the briefest sketch of it would necessarily occupy many pages. Yet the first twelve years of his service were spent as a subaltern. However, he saw plenty of fighting in them, for the Chinese War of 1860 took him to the East very early in his career. While in the Flowery Land, he was present at the actions of Sinho, Taku Forts, and the capture of Peking. Ten years later, he

## MET WOLSELEY IN CANADA,

and served under him in the Red River Expedition. Evidently, he impressed him very strongly with his capabilities, for, when the Ashanti Expedition was organised, Buller was selected to accompany him. When the troops returned to England, Sir Redvers (then a Major) was given a Staff appointment at the War Office.

In the latter part of 1878, the situation in South Africa demanded his presence in the field, and, accordingly, he took an active part in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars that now broke out. For his services in the various operations that ensued, he was frequently "mentioned in despatches," granted the Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, thanked in General Orders, appointed A.D.C. to the Queen, made a G.C.M.G., and awarded the proud distinction of the V.C. Truly a good record!





FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

According to the intimation in the *London Gazette*, the circumstances under which

#### BULLER GAINED THE VICTORIA CROSS

were—

for his gallant conduct at the retreat at Inhlobana on the 28th March, 1879, in having assisted, whilst hotly pursued by Zulus, in rescuing Captain C. D'Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was returning on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear-guard. Also for having on the same date and under similar circumstances conveyed Lieut. C. Everitt, of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse had been killed under him, to a place of safety. Later on, Colonel Buller, in the same manner, saved a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus, who were within eighty yards of him.

No wonder the 60th Rifles are proud of their old comrade.

Once more in England, Sir Redvers for a short time held a Staff appointment at Aldershot. Then he went to the Cape again as Deputy-Adjutant-General. In the following year he was in Egypt in the same capacity, and fought at Tel-el-Kebir. Then came a year's War Office work, and, after this, a similar period of active employment in the Land of the Nile, as second-in-command to Lord Wolseley. His Egyptian fame rests chiefly on his splendid leadership of the memorable desert march from Gubat to Korti. On returning home, he worked, first, in Pall Mall, and then went on special service to Ireland. Here he was, successively, a Magistrate and Under-Secretary at the Castle, Dublin. Then came ten years' continuous employment at the War Office. In April 1898, as a Lieut.-General, Sir Redvers was appointed to command the troops at Aldershot. Here he has contrived to bring the garrison up to a pitch of efficiency that has never been equalled.

#### SIR REDVERS IS A TYPICAL LEADER OF MEN.

Tall and stalwart in his person, he looks every inch a soldier, and is a "first-class fighting-man." Possessed of an iron nerve, he is absolutely fearless in himself, and is equally exacting of courage in others. Once his mind is made up, nothing that has yet been devised can induce him to alter it. Instant and unequivocal obedience he always exacts, and if he gives an order, that order has not only to be carried out to the letter, but it has to be carried out quickly. People sometimes say that he is unduly brusque. For this there is, perhaps, some reason, for Sir Redvers rather prides himself on not using three words when two or less will suffice. Like many other famous men of action.

#### BULLER IS A MAN OF FEW WORDS,

and not given to explanations. There are two sides to his character, however, and underneath the grim, rather forbidding, critical, external one, there is another which reveals itself to those who know him best. To these he presents a very charming personality indeed. Well-read, a clever scientist, and given to amateur farming at his country-seat in Devonshire, where the family of Buller is much respected, he is a delightful host. In 1882 he married Audrey, daughter of the fourth Marquis Townshend, and widow of the late Hon. G. T. Howard. It is only a few weeks ago that his step-son, Lieutenant Howard, of the 60th Rifles, died in India. Sir Redvers is a prominent member of all the Service Clubs, and is on the Committee of the Army and Navy.

#### GENERAL SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, K.C.B.

as "Director-General of Ordnance," is responsible for supplying the Army with its stores, equipment, and clothing. He is a "Gunner" officer, and joined the Royal Artillery in 1856. When the Ashanti War broke out in 1873, he accompanied the Forces as Assistant Military Secretary to Lord Wolseley. Previous to this, however, he had seen service in the Mutiny Campaign. In 1879 he went to Natal, and took part in the Zulu War, and afterwards put in a year as Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India. This was succeeded by a year in Paris as Military Attaché to the Embassy. On giving this up, in 1882, he accepted an Under-Secretaryship in Dublin. Two years later he went to Egypt, and, on the death of General Eyre, took command of the Nile Column. He has been a military member of the Viceroy's Council in India, and is a *persona grata* with Lord Wolseley.

The recent shuffling of the cards at the War Office sent

#### LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES MANSFIELD CLARKE, K.C.B.,

there as Quartermaster-General, *vice* Sir George White, V.C., who has sailed for South Africa. Sir Charles is a man of parts, but is chiefly renowned for his wonderful mastery of detail. In the performance of office work he is so much in his element that he has long been known in Service circles as "Orderly-Room Clarke." His war-record includes Central India, New Zealand, and Zululand (where he commanded the famous "Clarke's Column"). It is not generally known that Sir Charles is largely the author of the "Manual of Infantry Drill" at present in use.

#### MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN CHARLES ARDAGH, K.C.I.E.,

has been "Director-General of Military Intelligence" since 1896. Just forty years ago he became a "Sapper." During his long military career he has filled many Staff appointments at home and abroad, including those of Instructor in Military History, Law, Strategy, and Tactics at the School of Military Engineering, Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India, and Commandant of the School of Engineering, Chatham. He has seen active service in Egypt, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, Tamai, and Giniss. In 1894 he was made a K.C.I.E. Like Wolseley, Wood, and Roberts, Sir John is of Irish birth. He is a man of wide reading, for when a mere boy he obtained a prize for Hebrew at Trinity College, Dublin, and, later on in life, he was first in the Staff College examination of 1874.

H. W.

## ABOUT WAR-BALLOONS.

The newsboy's familiar cry, "All the latest!" applies with singular appropriateness to the composition of the military force that we are despatching to South Africa from Southampton by every outward-bound vessel. Indeed, nothing seems to have been omitted therefrom, and all the resources of modern science have been impressed into its service without exception.

Thus machine-guns, motor-cars, and bicycles have already been sent out in scores, together with ordnance and transport of more familiar descriptions, and now wireless telegraphy and war-balloons are also to be made use of. Concerning these latter, it does not seem to be generally known that they have long been recognised by the War Office as an integral part of our military system. This, however, is the fact, for, like all other first-class Powers,

ENGLAND HAS FOR SOME YEARS PAST HAD AN ARMY BALLOON SERVICE, a School of Instruction in the use of such "air-ships," and a Staff of trained aeronauts to attend to their manufacture and working.

It is in the Stanhope Lines, Aldershot, that the factory and School of Instruction in this branch of the art of war have been established. The officer in charge here is

#### LIEUT.-COLONEL J. L. B. TEMPLER,

7th Battalion K.R.R.C. (who, it will be remembered, did such good service with the Balloon Division in one of the early Soudan campaigns), assisted by a couple of Captains of the Royal Engineers and a number of selected "Sapper" N.C.O.'s.

For obvious reasons, the utmost secrecy is observed as to the composition of the "envelope" (or outer casing of the balloon), for upon the material employed therein largely depends the utility of an air-ship of any description. In the days when silk "envelopes" were in use, the adventurous aeronaut was continually exposed to difficulty and danger. For instance, if the silk were not thickly varnished, it let the air in—with singularly disastrous results to the occupants of the car. If, on the other hand, it were varnished, the casing became so brittle that it was constantly cracking, and thus causing unwelcome escapes of gas. Consequently, the problem with which

#### THE MILITARY AÉRONAUT

was confronted was that of discovering a material which should combine in one lightness, strength, and imperviousness to the atmosphere. For a long time the task seemed to defy human ingenuity. The art of "belligerent aeronautics," however, is not one that stands still for any pronounced period. As a result, after repeated experiments, Colonel Templer's efforts have now been crowned with success.

#### WITHOUT BETRAYING ANY OFFICIAL SECRETS,

it may be stated that the fabric at present adopted for the manufacture of the "envelopes" of war-balloons at Aldershot consists chiefly of what is known as "gold-beaters'" skin (in reality, so unromantic a substance as the lining of the internal portions of the anatomy of cattle). This is soaked in a potash solution and treated with isinglass and alum-water. The various sections are then sewn together into an air-tight homogeneous mass. The extreme lightness of the material thus prepared may be estimated from the fact that its 2,500 square feet of surface (the ordinary size of a war-balloon "envelope") weighs but 170 lb. Such a case is capable of holding 10,000 cubic feet of gas, and of raising a dead weight of 700 lb.

As a general rule, the car in which the aeronaut is carried is made of wicker, with a band of hickory-wood to bind it. In size, the following are the measurements usually adopted: height and width, 2 ft. 3 in.; length, 3 ft. 6 in. It is attached to a hoop by means of the best Italian-hemp rope available. This hoop is connected with the cord network that encloses the whole of the balloon's "envelope." The "breaking-strain" of this rigging is something over 500 lb.; nevertheless, it weighs but one pound to the hundred feet.

With so much paraphernalia about it,

#### THE COMPLETE OUTFIT OF A BALLOON SECTION

is necessarily rather elaborate. First of all, there is the balloon itself, with its "envelope," valve, net, car, hoop, grapnel, spare rope, aeronautical instruments, and ballast. Then there is the waggon on which it is packed, and to which is attached a drum with a wire rope, for holding the balloon captive when necessary, and a telephone apparatus for communicating with the occupants of the car. Finally, there is a second series of waggons, containing the cylinders of compressed hydrogen for inflating the "envelope."

As to the uses to which a balloon can be put in warfare, they are so many and varied that they cannot be more than lightly touched upon here. Foremost among them, of course, is that of reconnoitring the enemy's position, photographing his camp, and sending reports (chiefly by means of pigeons) of such observations to headquarters. Then, despite the fulminations of the recent Peace Conference against the proposal, it seems extremely likely that they will also be used for dropping explosives from the clouds on to the ground occupied by a hostile force. Indeed, special shells for this purpose are a part of the equipment of all war-balloons. Accordingly, in the next great European campaign, when both sides are similarly provided, and war-balloon thus meets war-balloon, then indeed "will come the tug-of-war." Especially thrilling would be a duel to the death, under these circumstances, between two rival aeromotives. It would also be one in which the danger would be equally shared by spectators as well as principals.—HORACE WYNDHAM.





MILITARY BALLOONING: A MASTERPIECE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

TAKEN IN MID-AIR AT ALDERSHOT BY GREGORY, STRAND.

## THE WAR OFFICE AND ITS WORK.

Beyond a doubt, the busiest place in London at the present moment is the establishment at No. 86, Pall Mall, S.W., where Lord Wolseley holds sway. This perhaps is better known as the War Office. Here it is that the general management of the huge concern called the British Army is carried out by a band of specialists. To assist the Commander-in-Chief in his work is a second army of officials of all grades—from Generals down to Boy Clerks and Lady Typewriters—indeed, the clerical staff alone numbers 529.

To obtain an audience with any of the heads of the various departments into which the War Office is divided is, at this time of crisis, not quite the easiest thing in the world. Half the Pressmen in Fleet Street haunt the entrance for hours daily, in the hope of buttonholing one of the responsible members of the Staff. These latter, however, are all animated by an invincible antipathy to being "buttonholed," and the result is that the hordes of would-be interviewers, &c., have to go informationless away. The Cerberus who guards the portals at No. 86 is not to be trifled with, and a long experience with the ways of the copy-monger has taught him to unerringly detect at a glance those who should be denied admittance. Provided, however, one can convince him that one has no intention of propounding queries on the subject of whether Sir Redvers Buller is "justified in slaying his brother Boer, or not?" the path is proportionately smoothed and the desired hearing eventually gained. Then the intrepid explorer is rapidly piloted through a labyrinth of tortuous passages, upstairs, downstairs, across courtyards, and along corridors, until finally, feeling that the shackles of red-tape have indeed seized him in their grasp, a door is suddenly flung open and he discovers the desired official in his lair.

A word or two about the manner in which the business of the Establishment is carried on:—Everyone knows, of course, that, according to popular superstition, the occupants of War Office stools have nothing to do, all day to do it in, and handsome salaries for wasting the Public's time. A five minutes' peep behind the scenes, however, would probably go far to disabuse the lay mind of this impression, for the fact remains that there are few places where the pressure of work to the square inch is greater than it is here. Of course, there are times when the tale of labour to be performed is not embarrassingly large, but such a time is certainly not one when, as just now, an Army Corps has to be despatched to South Africa. On the contrary, a ceaseless grind of hard work in connection with the selecting and interviewing of officers, composing Staffs, arranging for transports, manufacturing stores, and equipping battalions with field-service kit, &c., has to be got through. The consequence is that, at the present moment, all hands are employed night and day, and even on Sundays Lord Wolseley and his chief assistants are unable to spare themselves. Accordingly, they go down to 86, Pall Mall, in hansoms and do business in their different rooms on this day as on any other.

For all practical purposes, it may be stated that the War Office is divided into six military departments, respectively presided over by the following officers—

The Commander-in-Chief's Department (Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P. Private Secretary, Colonel the Hon. G. H. Gough, C.B.); Adjutant-General (General Sir H. E. Wood, G.C.M.G., V.C.); Quarter-Master-General (General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, K.C.B.); Inspector-General of Fortifications (General Sir R. Harrison, K.C.B.); Director-General of Ordnance (General Sir H. Brackenbury, K.C.B.); Director-General Army Medical Department (Surgeon-Major-General J. Jamieson, M.D.).

After these there are various sub-divisions dealing with veterinary, equipment, finance, and barrack-construction matters, &c. The Military Intelligence Division (presided over by Major-General Sir J. C. Ardagh, K.C.I.E.) has its offices at 18, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

All the above officers are of well- and often-proved ability. This is just as it should be, for the task with which they are confronted just now is no light one. A single false move or error of judgment at this juncture means an aftermath of incalculable harm later on.

The troops (as I write) *en route* for the Cape are the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 2nd Rifle Brigade, the 1st Border Regiment (all from the Mediterranean stations), and 1st Devonshire Regiment, 1st Gloucester Regiment, 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, and 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders (all from India), and the 1st Battalion the Northumberland Fusiliers, from home. The following reinforcements may be expected to land in South Africa on the dates respectively set forth below—

Corps.	Destination.	Date.
Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Battalion...	Natal.	Oct. 12.
Army Service Corps ...	"	Oct. 12.
No. 9 Company ...	"	"
No. 15 Company ...	"	"
No. 31 Company ...	"	"
Army Ordnance Corps ...	"	Oct. 12.
No. 4 Company ...	"	"
Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1st Battalion ...	"	Oct. 16.
Royal Field Artillery ...	"	Oct. 20.
18th Battery ...	"	"
62nd Battery ...	"	"
75th Battery ...	"	"
Border Regiment, 1st Battalion ...	Capetown.	Oct. 22.
Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion ...	"	Oct. 29.

Although only three Companies of the Army Service Corps are mentioned in the above table, a much larger number (amounting, indeed, to about three-quarters of the entire strength of this Arm)

have (as I write) been detailed to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Natal.

Should war break out, Sir Redvers Buller would relieve Sir George White of the supreme command. In this event, a largely increased force (amounting, it is privately whispered in War Office circles, to fifty thousand) will be made up. Included in this will be a Guards Brigade, consisting of the 2nd and 3rd Grenadiers, the 2nd Coldstream, and the 1st Scots. In the meantime, it may be remarked, the 3rd Grenadiers are at "the Rock." It is quite within the bounds of possibility, too, that a Naval Brigade will also be employed, and red-coats and blue-jackets will thus work side by side.

As his Chief Staff Officer, Sir Redvers will have the services of General Sir Archibald Hunter, D.S.O. He has already made a reputation for himself in Egypt under Lord Kitchener.

H. W.

## COLONEL KITCHENER.

To the average public, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Walter Kitchener (a page portrait of whom appeared in the *Sketch* of Sept. 27) is best known for the fact of his having the good-fortune to be a brother of the Sirdar, and to a smaller number as a one-time Governor of Khartoum. Among soldiers, however, his reputation goes further than that, for he has the name of a keen regimental officer, coupled with that of a bookman, and is entitled to the affix of those magic letters, "P.S.C.," which denote a successful period of study at the home of military learning, the Staff College at Camberley.

Joining his regiment, the 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment (the old 14th Foot), in September 1876, he has at this moment just twenty-three years of service to his credit, service which, if not so varied as that of some of his comrades, has, at least, been good, and always of a character to which the term "thorough" may be well applied. Two years after joining his battalion, Lieutenant Kitchener saw his first fighting in Afghanistan, where, under the leadership of "Bobs Bahadur," he fulfilled the duties, and those no light ones, of Transport Officer to the Cabul Field Force.

Between 1878-80 he had as good an initiation into the noble art of war as any young soldier could wish for, being present in the advance on Cabul, taking a hand in the engagement at Charasiah on Oct. 6, 1879, in the operations in the Chardeh Valley, at the defence at Sherepore, and with the Kama Expedition.

The result of his work during these little excursions was an appreciative mention in despatches and a medal with clasps for "Charasiah" and "Cabul."

At the conclusion of the Afghan campaign, Lieutenant Kitchener acted as Adjutant to his battalion for over four years, after which, with the rank of Captain, reached in November 1882, he went to the Staff College, from which he passed out after two years. In August 1891 he received the appointment of Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General for Instruction on the Staff in India, which he held until the expedition to Dongola was decided upon in 1896. Then he applied for employment as a special-service officer, and under his brother, the Sirdar, was appointed Director of Transport. During the whole advance of the British and Egyptian forces he did marvels, and, by his faculty for organisation and tactful dealings with the natives, did much to alleviate the discomforts of the men and officers during that most uncomfortable of campaigns.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the famous war-correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in his book "Sirdar and Khalifa," speaks as follows of his services—

At Shereik . . . Colonel Kitchener—the "Mudir," as he is called, or Director of Transport—had his headquarters. Upon him devolved the duty of obtaining, forwarding, and distributing all the military supplies. He had to make arrangements as best he could to keep the Army well provisioned "for man and beast," as the old-fashioned sign-boards have it. The Sirdar followed most distinguished precedent in appointing his brother to the position, and eminently, in no fewer than three annual campaigns, has Colonel Kitchener justified his brother's choice.

When the Dongola campaign ended, after the fights at Hafir and Firket, at both of which Major Kitchener was present, he was rewarded with a Brevet-Lieut.-Colonelcy, after being mentioned in despatches, and received the fourth-class Order of the Osmanieh and the Khedive's medal with two clasps, "Hafir" and "Firket."

In the early part of 1898 Colonel Kitchener was again on the war-path, accompanied the advance in the Soudan, and was with the victorious British troops at the Battle of the Atbara. When the final advance on Khartoum was made, Colonel Kitchener again was on special service, and when the Khalifa's hordes had been routed and Gordon's death avenged, he was promoted Brevet-Colonel.

Khartoum once more in our hands, the Colonel was appointed Governor, and at the end of 1898 led an expedition against the still uncaptured Khalifa, who was becoming troublesome in the neighbourhood of El-Obeid.

His handling of this force was the subject of considerable adverse criticism at the time, but eminent authorities have defended his action as the only possible in the position in which he found himself.

In March of this year, Colonel Kitchener assumed the command of his battalion, with which he is exceedingly popular. In the event of hostilities in the Transvaal, the 14th will most probably form part of the reinforcements, and then the subject of this sketch, who is yet a young man, being eight years the Sirdar's junior, will have a chance of gaining still more distinctions than have fallen to his share.



CAPTAIN A. H. S. HART, 1st Battalion East Surrey Regiment.

MR. R. V. HART Lieutenant in 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment.



MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR FITZROY HART, C.B., Commanding the First Brigade at Aldershot.

A GENERAL AND HIS TWO SONS WHO GO TO THE CAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



MISS MAY EDOUIN, (DAUGHTER OF WILLIE EDOUIN).

*This clever actress has just made her reappearance, after a severe illness, as Tixie Triplet in "Little Miss Nobody" on tour. The star on the forehead is the badge of the Music-hall Miss whom Miss Edouin represents in the play. This photograph is by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*





MISS VIOLET LLOYD.

Miss Violet Lloyd, who has taken Miss Ellaline Terriss's place in "A Runaway Girl," at the Gaiety, has been for several years a member of Mr. George Edwardes's companies in America and the English provinces. For eighteen months in the States she played Molly Seamore in "The Geisha," and she played the part at Daly's during Miss Letty Lind's absence on holiday. Miss Lloyd says that the American papers published many interviews with her when there had been no interview. Miss Lloyd was in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel," at the Comedy. She is a niece of Miss Violet Cameron, who was for long so popular at the Gaiety, and a sister of Miss Florence Lloyd, who is playing in "With Flying Colours," at the Adelphi.

This photograph of a most charming lady is by W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It will always be a source of wonder that the present series of contests for the *America* Cup, whatever may be their result, have not only not sown the usual crop of unpleasantnesses between two kindred nations, but have been the means of disengaging, as a chemist would say, enormous volumes of Anglo-Saxon friendship and good-fellowship. The most deplorable incidents that marked the last competition have been forgotten, yet it seemed as if they had barred the way to any future friendly conflict. "Saith Dunraven, Nevermore," was to be the motto of yachtsmen. But the genial millionaire who unites the shrewdness of the Yankee and the engaging good-humour of the Irishman has come, been seen, and has conquered all hearts. If Dewey is the first choice for a popular President, Lipton would be the second, if an American citizen. He has the wealth of an American business monarch, without the coldness that makes many such unpopular.

But Sir Thomas has done more than this. By adroitly emphasising his Irish quality, he has turned the flank of the dwindling but still influential Anti-British faction. What Irishman or Irish-American can wish defeat to a yacht painted green and called the *Shamrock*? What bitterness can there be in the result, either way, to the most inveterate Fenian? If the *Shamrock* wins, the Irish boat has conquered; if she loses, the British boat is beaten. Probably there was never such delicate and skilful flattery offered to any democratic society as Sir Thomas, with apparent unconsciousness and bluff frankness, continually administers. And more power to his elbow; for his popularity makes for the good of the world.

The Venezuela Award, now delivered, is a striking testimony to the entire change of feeling between Britain and the United States. What feeling was aroused by the forgotten Cleveland's forgotten Message and the extinct Olney's extinct despatch! And now, the arbitration is over. Venezuela, in the throes of a periodic revolution, knows little of the advantage she seems to have gained by the decision; and probably nine out of every ten Americans are sorry that England has lost anything she possessed or claimed before, and regret the award that took any districts away from decent Anglo-Saxons and gave them to South American "greasers."

For America has gone fast and far since the days of the Monroe Doctrine. She has torn up that venerated formula—or rather, its later interpretation. In its inception it was an agreement between Great Britain and the United States to keep other nations, and more especially the Powers of the Holy Alliance, out of America. In the offensive expansion of Mr. Olney, it was a sort of notice to quit served on all European nations holding American colonies, England first. But the conquest of Cuba and Porto Rico is not a liberation; it is an annexation. The subjugation of the Philippines is not merely an evasion of the Doctrine; it is the direct contradiction of it. The United States, in stepping outside the American continent and islands, are giving up all logical claim to keep "America for the Americans." They have given hostages to fortune. At present they could no more hold Manila permanently against England, superior in naval force and with India comparatively near, than the Spaniards could hold it against them.

Thus a frank and equal friendship, or something more, is now for the first time possible and practicable; and there is no reason why it should not endure. Admiral Dewey may or may not be another Nelson. He will never, in all probability, be called on to do what Nelson had to do. What he *has* had to do, he has done as well as Nelson would have done, in the naval line; in the diplomatic line, considerably better. In any case, he is quite good enough to be an English naval hero; and so he is felt to be. He reminds one most of Admiral Byng at Cape Passaro, with his "Spanish fleet taken or destroyed, as per margin." And now he has done the hardest task of his life: he has faced a nation delirious with admiration of him, and showed neither coldness nor vanity. Nelson was not strong enough to stand it, unfortunately. Further, Dewey has evaded patriotic kisses without churlishness; his is not Hobson's choice, but a better one.

And as we frankly sympathise with the American naval triumphs and colonial expansion, so our kinsmen sympathise with our South African troubles, and will applaud our ultimate success. They recognise King Kruger as a saner but equally obstinate King George. They know the dogged despotism, the hatred of progress and civilisation, the selfishness and prejudice under the mark of patriotism and religion, the blind reactionary fear; and they echo the line that they understand as well as we do—

Suffer not the *Old King*, for we know the breed!

History repeats itself. From English tea-ships in Boston Harbour sprang the American Revolution; perhaps the Anglo-Saxon Confederation will arise from a Lipton's Tea ship off New York.

MARMITON.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W. A. Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## SHOULD INDIAN TROOPS BE EMPLOYED IN THE TRANSVAAL?

## A CHAT WITH THE RAJA-I-RAJAGAN OF KAPURTHALA.

"The labours of the evening being over, you may now proceed to refreshment." In some such words our newly installed Master, the Raja-i-Rajagan of Kapurthala, reminded his brother Masons that we had still to do duty to an excellent banquet before retiring to our damp couches in the mists of a Mussourie autumn. We were more than eighty guests all told, and of every degree in the social scale, from the Major-General commanding the District down to the humble Tyler, who is privileged to give the memorable toast, the last always of the evening at Masonic gatherings: "To all poor and distressed Masons wherever they may be, by land or sea, wishing them a happy release from their sufferings and a safe return to their own country should they so desire." I could write whole chapters on the charitable side of Freemasonry, but it would be foreign to my present purpose.

The band of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers had played the last item on the programme, and those who love or fear to speak in public had been duly heard and applauded. We had charged our glasses more than once, in the East, West, and South, and someone with a hammer, with which he startled us by banging on the table, announced it to be the Worshipful Master's wish that we should light up. It reminded me of the social gatherings in the Adelphi Terrace, and the tomahawk accompaniment to the "Savages, you may smoke!" Well, cigar lighted, I moved my chair up to the neighbourhood of His Highness and deftly opened fire upon his unsuspecting nature, omitting, as an interviewer should who knows his business, to warn him that every statement made would be used in evidence for or against him in the columns of *The Sketch*, of which, by-the-bye, he is a constant reader. I knew he had travelled all over Europe, that he takes an immense interest in politics, and that his opinion on all large questions is worth having. I led him round, by way of St. Petersburg and Constantinople, to the more humble sphere of the Transvaal.

"Now, your Highness, supposing we have to fight Mr. Kruger, do you think it will be desirable to send out some of our Indian regiments?" He paused a few moments before replying.

"Well, I, of course, see the difficulty of employing Indians, so long as the unfortunate race-feeling exists, as it undoubtedly does; and therefore it would not be desirable in this particular juncture to utilise the splendid forces which Her Majesty has at her command. But the day is approaching when the world will recognise that we Indians are not 'blacks' in the sense of being wanting in feelings of refinement and humanity, and that our soldiers, whose courage and discipline have never been questioned, are incapable of committing acts of atrocity such as have shocked civilisation in more than one European country within recent years. And, once this fact is recognised, we shall, no doubt, be permitted to offer our lives as sacrifices for our Empress all over the world, just as are accepted the services of men living in the Colonies. That will be a proud day for India, for we shall feel that India is no longer a dependency, but a portion of the Empire, with interests one and the same. It is a pity that the moment has not now arrived, for I am sure a strong Indian contingent would greatly help towards a speedy conclusion of the war, if war we are to have. You see, our Pathans and Gurkhas are born mountaineers, able to endure any amount of deprivation and fatigue, and they are, as marksmen, quite the equals of the Boers. Then you would have the steady effect of a strong brigade of Sikhs, whose only fault is that they never can be got to understand the sense of the order 'Retire!' when given on the field of battle. Again, I believe our Indian cavalry, light men on light, wiry horses—able to live, both men and horses, on short rations—would be the very thing for following up the enemy, once the infantry had got them 'on the run.' But why should I go into this question at all? I tell you plainly my own opinion is that we shall have no war. It appears to me unlikely that no *modus vivendi* should be diplomatically possible at the end of this nineteenth century in a dispute of so trivial a nature. I am quite sure the Queen is on the side of peace, and Lord Salisbury, her most loyal Minister, will strive to carry out Her Majesty's wishes. The only danger is that Mr. Kruger, having worked the Boers for purposes of bluff into a war-fever, may find it difficult to keep them in hand, and that they may commit some rash act which can only be atoned for in blood."

"Thank you, Maharaja Sahib, for giving me such an excellent common-sense view of the situation. I will not detain your Highness further, especially as the Brethren are getting impatient to proclaim you a 'jolly good fellow,' which indeed you are. But do please repeat to me those delicious verses an American poet composed in your honour when you were over at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893. They are worthy of record."

The Prince laughed. "Oh, I remember them. You know, my American friends always pretended to be deeply impressed with my title, 'King of Kings.' Here are some of the lines which 'Tired Tim' wrote. I think they are very quaint—

"Welcome, O Jagajit Singh,  
Yept Raja-i-Rajagan;  
Just sail right in and have your fling,  
We'll see that there's no flaggin';  
And curry and rice and tea galore  
Shall set your tongue a-waggin'.  
But kind o' forget you're King of Kings,  
Puissant Prince Rajagan."





THE RAJA-I-RAJAGAN OF KAPURTHALA,

*Who thinks that, when the race-feeling has died out, Indian Native Troops might with advantage be employed in the service of the Queen.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COWELL, SIMLA.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH: TAKEN AT OSBORNE LAST AUGUST BY CHANCELLOR AND CO., DUBLIN.





PRESIDENT KRUGER (AS A "BUFFALO" ?).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROTHERS, JOHANNESBURG.

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.



Captain Charley Barr.

TIGHTENING THE "COLUMBIA'S" RIGGING FOR A SAIL.



THE "SHAMROCK'S" BROKEN GAFF.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, NEW YORK.



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.



THE "COLUMBIA" AGROUND AT BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

TAKEN THE DAY BEFORE HER FIRST SAILING BY JAMES BURTON, NEW YORK.

## A PLAY AND ONE OF ITS MAKERS.

The announcement that Mr. Louis N. Parker's new play (written in collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett) bore the title "Man and His Makers," suggested, as a matter of course, an article on "A Play and One of Its Makers." As the drama in question was produced at the Lyceum on Saturday evening, it naturally happened that Mr. Parker had not too much leisure just then to devote to satisfying the demands of the interviewer. Nevertheless, he was good enough to give me an opportunity the other day of having an interesting conversation with him about his work.

This the dramatist carries out in his study at 75, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington. It is in an ideal work-room that his plays are written. Long and low, well-lighted, and lined from floor to ceiling with books, the surroundings are distinctly those of a literary man.

I asked Mr. Parker to tell me something about his forthcoming work. This, however, he declined to do. I pressed the question; Mr. Parker

Privately imagining that less rapid workers existed, I put a question about writing on commission.

"I don't care about doing it," remarked Mr. Parker. "It appears to me that managers seldom have any ideas beyond the dramatising of a successful novel. This, I'm afraid, is rather beyond me. The fact is, there are very few books indeed that can be turned into good plays. Some day, however, managers will discover that a successful novel is not necessarily capable of being successfully dramatised."

I led the conversation on to the subject of criticism. Mr. Parker spoke at some length thereon.

"It's a very large subject," he said, "and one that can't be settled in a couple of words. While I think that dramatic criticism is in thoroughly capable hands (and am very grateful for the verdicts pronounced on my work), I believe that the theatre-going public is the best and final judge. For this reason, criticism has not much effect, one way or the other, on the ultimate success of a piece. The box-office receipts indicate the real measure of popularity that a play achieves.

From the question of criticism, one naturally went on to that of



MR. LOUIS PARKER AT HOME: THIS SKILFUL DRAMATIST HAS JUST COLLABORATED WITH MR. WILSON BARRETT IN THE NEW LYCEUM PLAY, "MAN AND HIS MAKERS."

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

was adamant. "I'm afraid I can't do it," he said. "You see, as I am collaborating on this occasion with Mr. Wilson Barrett, I am scarcely a free agent in the matter. Besides," he continued, "I am one of those revolutionary people who hold that the dramatist should write his play and that the public should do all the talking about it that is necessary."

"Still, Mr. Parker," I urged insinuatingly, "there has already been a good deal about it in the daily papers."

"I know it—to my sorrow," was the answer. "You must not pin your faith to them, though, for practically all the preliminary paragraphs have been unauthorised and incorrect."

Next, I asked the dramatist to tell me something as to his methods of working. Here, like Barkis, he was "willing."

"Certainly," he replied. "Anything you like on that point."

"How long, then, does it take you to write a play?" was my preliminary inquiry.

"That entirely depends upon the subject I have to deal with. Once—when I started—I could write a play in three weeks. Nowadays"—and Mr. Parker sighed regretfully for those lost days of activity—"I take at least a couple of months over a single one."

acting. In Mr. Parker's judgment, this has not improved of recent years.

"No, I think the standard of playing has deteriorated of late," he said emphatically. "A spirit of dilettantism has invaded the stage, and the younger generation of actors and actresses don't take themselves sufficiently seriously. The result is unsatisfactory for all parties."

This led to my asking if he selected his own casts. In reply, he told me that this was not his practice, except when he was the sole author of the play in question. "In other cases," added Mr. Parker, "I prefer to trust to the greater experience of the managers."

"And how has collaborating answered your expectations?" I finally inquired.

"Admirably," was the answer. "Perhaps I have been singularly fortunate, but in every instance my collaborator and myself have pulled together most harmoniously. I have worked with Murray Carson, E. J. Goodman, Addison Bright, and Wilson Barrett, and our collaboration has invariably led to the warmest friendship."

Just then the imperious tinkle of a telephone-bell called Mr. Parker to the instrument on his desk. I took the hint, my hat, and exit simultaneously.

H. W.



## NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL

This ancient and interesting city was filled with visitors last week, attracted by the Musical Festival. Few cities are more inviting to the antiquarian or tourist. The noble old Norman Cathedral is a very striking object, and its picturesque close has an old-world charm most fascinating to a poet or artist. Mendelssohn was once a welcome visitor to the old city, which has always been renowned for its beautiful services in the Cathedral and its excellent organists. Many English composers have also contributed works to the Festivals, which are still extremely popular, the attendance this year being larger than for many years past. The programme on this occasion

THE ALTAR, FROM THE CHOIR STALLS.



was not confined strictly to sacred music. The Festival opened on Tuesday, Oct. 3, with the "Faust" of Berlioz, one of the masterpieces of the great French composer who was so reviled in his lifetime because he sought to be original at any cost. The "Hungarian March" in this work is one of the finest orchestral pieces ever written. The chief novelties were produced on the following Thursday. They included "The Passion of Christ," by the Italian priest-composer, Perosi; Mr. Edward German's symphonic suite, "The Seasons"; and Mr. Elgar's cycle of songs called "Sea-Pictures." Mr. Randegger conducted for the sixth time, and had under his control a most efficient orchestra, of which Mr. Betjemann, formerly first-violin of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, was the leader. The principal vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. David Bispham. Most of the rehearsals took place in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, but the final rehearsal at Norwich, on Monday, Oct. 2, was a very heavy one, as Verdi's "Stabat Mater" and "Te Deum," Sir Hubert Parry's "Song of Darkness and Light," Perosi's "Passion of Christ," Cowen's "Ode to the Passions," Mr. Coleridge Taylor's work, "Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast," and portions of "Samson and Delilah" and Berlioz's "Faust," had to be tried over, the whole winding up with the march and chorus from Wagner's "Tannhäuser." It is gratifying to note the success of these Festivals, as showing how well good music is supported in the provinces.

The performance and the attendance fully sustained the reputation of the Norwich Festivals, visitors coming from long distances, and, in many instances, remaining the entire week in the city. The clerical residents also took the greatest interest in the musical arrangements.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JARROLD AND SONS, NORWICH.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## IN A SURREY FIRE.\*

BY OWEN MARSH.

Joan West could not sleep. Her mind was troubled and restless, her body ill at ease. A strong and healthy girl at the age of eighteen does not often lie sleepless, but Joan was in love, and the course thereof was not running as smoothly as she had every reason to believe and expect that it would. Joan and Will Larkins, the gamekeeper, had had words—altogether unnecessary words—about an imaginary grievance. There was petty jealousy on his side, and wounded pride on hers. The result was that he was sulky and disagreeable, and she piqued and resentful of his humours. And now, when by chance they met, he thrust his hands in his pockets with an off-hand—

“Mornin’, Miss West.” On which she tossed her head and replied—

“Good-day, Mr. Larkins.”

‘True-lovers’ quarrels are generally foolish ones; but the deeper and warmer the affection which has been cherished, the bitterer the feelings aroused by disagreement, and Joan was thoroughly unhappy.

The July night had been hot and stifling. To lie and sleep in comfort was an impossibility; so, when she heard the kitchen-clock strike three, she resolved to quit her bedroom, and, without disturbing anyone, to go down and do a bit of churning in the cool dairy. She dressed quickly, and descended.

There is very little darkness on a fine night in the height of summer; still, the sun does not rise so early as three o’clock, neither does he appear first in the North-West, which was the direction towards which the dairy-window looked. Whence came then that glow which was reflected upon the white walls, dancing weirdly and fantastically? And what was that rushing, hissing, crackling noise?

The girl looked forth upon the hillside, wondering. It was on fire! That had been the reason of the glow outspread upon the white walls; and the hissing, crackling sound was the rush of the flames along the ground, as they swept upwards, consuming the flowering gorse-bushes and dwarfed growth of oak-scrub. She gazed a moment upon the sight with a sort of spellbound fascination; and then the thought struck her, how perilously near those flames were to the cottages nestling half-way up the hill! Their inmates, doubtless, were all asleep, for no human sounds mingled with the crackling of the fire. She must run and warn them. Even as the thought flashed through her mind, her feet were carrying her nimbly up the hill. Breathlessly, Joan hammered at both doors, shouting the alarm.

“Fire! Fire!”

Windows were thrust open, and startled voices exclaimed, “Where? Where?”

“Close by, on the hillside,” answered Joan, and she hurried away to give the alarm elsewhere. She knew well that to extinguish flames which had once obtained a mastery over the vegetation, which was now dry as tinder through long-continued drought, would be no child’s play.

The scene—made so fantastic by the fierce element against which, as yet, none had come forth to match their strength—was, ere long, all alive with the forms of men vigorously striving to beat out and arrest the rapid onrush of flames. The air, till now full only of hissing, crackling, and roaring sounds, echoed also with the shouts and calls of men. As if by magic, dark figures hurried up the hillside in quick succession, each one armed with some formidable weapon of attack wherewith to match himself against the fiery foe. A gentle breeze sprang up, and fanned the flames into quicker life. Whence came it? From the South-West. So there was no longer any fear for the cottages. The fire was climbing the hill, leaving a black and desolated track in its rear. More than one woman—Joan West among their number—as they stood looking on, breathed a fervent thanksgiving for this deliverance.

“Will they beat it out afore it gets among the trees, think ye?” asked one of her neighbours.

A doubtful shake of the head from the other woman.

“It’s got a powerful hold,” said she, “and must ha’ bin burnin’ long afore Joan roused the men. Lor! Joan girl, ’twas a Providence as ye had a wakeful night. Where’s Will Larkins, I wonder? He’ll be out with the others, surely; he’s ever first at a fire.”

Joan wondered also; she had not seen him when the men gathered from all around.

“How come the scrub alight?” asked another. “One ’ud say as ’twas done o’ purpose; for droughty as ’tis, the furze don’t set itself alight.”

“Him as done it knew what Ah was about, settin’ of it afire so near the houses. Ah reckoned as suspicion might fall on them as lived in ’em.”

This was a daring whisper to get abroad; but one of greater import still was that which mentioned the name of a tipsy old charcoal-burner who had been working in the pine-woods for the last three weeks, during which time small fires, soon localised, had given rise to several short-lived excitements in the neighbourhood. How the present fire had originated, however, was of minor importance just then. The one thing to be done was to limit its extent, and to extinguish it as speedily as possible. Judging by appearances, this seemed unlikely

to happen, for the gentle breeze grew and grew till it was ruffled into a small gale and sent the flames flying before it in a mad career. Thick volumes of grey smoke began to ascend from the other side of the hill, hanging in the morning air above the swiftly coursing lower currents like heavy clouds. Moreover, these smoke-columns appeared to rise from various points. This was a startling sign, and the watching women understood its significance. Joan West was a watcher no longer; flying home, she roused every available man, and saw them off in a strong brigade for action at the front. Then, throwing the cares of butter-making aside, she shortened her skirts, tied on a sun-bonnet, and followed in the wake.

The attraction of a fire is irresistible. If it is a grand and terrible sight in the crowded streets of a great city, it is far more grand and terrible when the fuel to be consumed consists of acres upon acres of pine-woods. It is beautiful too, with a wild and awful beauty difficult to describe.

A wild sight it was that greeted the eyes of many onlookers as the sun rose upon a clear and yellow sky with the promise of another day of brazen heat. From three distinct points ascended dense columns of smoke already lurid with flame. Wherever the gaze turned, there destruction was advancing with giant strides. The hillside was now swept bare; but the fire, having reached a denser growth, crept insidiously on, defying all efforts to extinguish it. The flames had already leapt over the road which divided the hillside from the dark pine-woods. The tall trees were in the grip of the fiery foe, their branches swaying and writhing as the hungry flames leapt and curled around and up them in a deadly embrace, tossing forked red tongues high into the air. It was pitiful, cruel! All green things seemed to cringe and shiver and cry, as if endued with sentient life. Oak scrub and holly-bushes, juniper and furze, bracken and heather—all went to feed the roaring, fiery furnace, and were reduced to crumbling ashes. The blackened earth smoked. So hot was it that the gentlest breath of air fanned it to fresh flame. The odour of burning pines and peat pervaded the atmosphere. The heavens became hidden by the thick pall which hung overhead, while beyond and on every side destruction raged. Still, men battled with it bravely. Exhausted often with the immense exertion and fearful heat, they threw themselves down at full-length to rest for a moment and to regain fresh nerve for the struggle.

Joan West and one or two other women worked in the rear, beating out such straggling fires as threatened to revive their energy; but still, as the morning wore on, the outlook appeared as hopeless as ever, for there, where a vista of treeless common opened to the view, dipping down into one of the many lovely glades which intersected the woods, there too all was fire and smoke rolling down like a torrent of molten metal and up again upon the other side, where it encountered other ruddy currents tearing downwards, so that fiery waves intermingled, as it were, and sent up fierce showers of sparks and columns of flame into the face of day. It was an Inferno.

Alas, how strange a day! A day of doom and death for myriads of helpless living creatures; birds of the air and four-footed creatures alike overtaken by a cruel fate. In that glade the fiery forces seemed to have concentrated. Down in its murky depths it was possible to distinguish several of the figures, looking like the genii of the fire, as they moved hither and thither in the very midst. Among them, Joan thought she desied the well-known form of Will Larkins, and so sure did she soon become of the identity of that sturdy figure, swaying a mighty bough in his strong arms, as he beat and beat at the obstinate flames, that she was impelled to descend and follow. There might be peril in that gloomy hollow, and her heart thumped heavily against her chest. If Will should see her, he might bid her roughly to go back; but she would chance that. She *must* follow!

Not far from him the girl distinguished another form which she thought she knew—that of the disreputable charcoal-burner, and he seemed to be approaching Will. That he bore her lover a grudge, Joan knew, for he had been caught poaching on several occasions, and the gamekeeper had threatened to “have him up.” Above the roaring of the fire came the sound of their voices in hot dispute, and Joan hurried over the smoking soil. Neither of the men had yet perceived her, for their faces were to the opposite slope. Suddenly she saw the older man aim a quick and heavy blow with the thick stick he carried, right over Will’s hand. It came with such crushing force that the hand it struck was constrained to drop the bough. Will staggered back, and Joan, uttering a cry of pain and anger, as though she herself had felt the force of the blow, hurled her bough at the cowardly assailant, and, darting forward, threw her arms about her lover as though to protect him from further attack.

“Oh, Will!” she sobbed, “are you hurt?”

At first he seemed inclined to shake her off.

“Go home, girl!” he cried hoarsely. But, a look into her tender eyes, streaming with tears, and the wall of separation between them crumbled to nothing.

The charcoal-burner cast a curious glance at the pair, and then, with a muttered curse, slunk off and disappeared among the smoking trees.

“How come you here, Joan?” asked Will.

“Why, I’ve been beating out the fire along of the rest, most ever since three this mornin’,” she replied, between laughter and tears.

They looked at each other. He was black, hot, grimy; nor had her

\* The fires in a certain locality in Surrey were terrible during the year 1893. They commenced in April and continued with more or less force until the middle of June.



GEORGE ROBey, OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND THE TIVOLI.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, writing in the "Saturday Review," says: "I consider Mr. George Robey to be the one brilliant man that Cambridge has produced during the last twenty-five years." "The Sketch" takes a special interest in Mr. Robey, for did it not assist in his wedding ceremonies, performed at St. Clement Danes (just opposite "The Sketch" offices), by pelting him and Miss Ethel Haydon, his lovely bride, with rice and other things? Good luck to the pair of 'em!



pretty face escaped. Nevertheless, their lips met in a close kiss. They had owed each other that kiss for a fortnight at the least.

"I've been a brute to you, Joan," confessed the man.

"I've been a fool, I know," admitted the girl.

"Life ain't long enough for quarrels," said he.

"We've lost a fortnight's happiness," she replied.

"I'll have to go home," said Will presently, with a weary sigh. "I can't beat no more; I believe my thumb is broke."

"Oh, poor Will!" cried Joan, taking the maimed hand in both her own. "Come, mother will bind it up."

They turned their back on the fire and left it to take its course.

"There's fuel beyond there in plenty, but 'twill burn itself out in time," said Will, nodding backwards in the direction from which they had come. And so it did. By Sunday the flames were all extinguished,

## THE DARJEELING CATASTROPHE.

The night of Monday, Sept. 25, will long be remembered at Darjeeling for the terrible convulsion of Nature, attended by a sad loss of human lives, recorded in all the daily papers. The large native population that annually gathers round this summer-retreat of the Sahebs, and the Sahebs themselves, were suddenly startled by a series of violent earthquake-shocks, accompanied by a rainfall so heavy that the barometer registered twenty inches of rain within twenty-four hours, and another eight inches in the following fourteen hours. If this report is correct, it means that in one season's night and day there fell a whole season's rain! Ten European children were overwhelmed by the earthquake, whilst four European adults and upwards of seventy natives were drowned in the swollen River Teesta.



THE NEPALESE SIRDAR AND HIS WIFE, WEARING GOLD, SILVER, AND CORAL ORNAMENTS. THE SIRDAR HAS ALSO THE KOOKREE, OR NEPALESE KNIFE.

*Photo by F. Kapp and Co., Darjeeling.*

and a heaven-sent rain fell gently, cooling the heated, blackened soil. Will and Joan walked to church together, choosing the road which overlooked the devastated woods. How pitiful a sight! Here and there the embers still sent forth little puffs of smoke. Naught that had been green remained, except in small, eccentric patches. The lofty pines reared their grim heads, with charred trunks and scorched branches. Silence reigned everywhere round them. There was no song of bird, not a chirp or twitter in this region of widespread desolation.

And yet the very next spring would see the tender shoots of green pricking up through the dead litter, life renewing itself and covering the bare ground, green fronds erect like so many fairy croziers, and many-coloured mosses hiding all this unsightliness beneath a lovely mantle. The wood-pigeons rebuild in the old firs that survive, and the house-martins shelter under the eaves where Joan and Will mate.

This disaster seems all the more terrible from the fact that Darjeeling has hitherto been associated with all that is brightest and gayest in fashionable Indian society. For beauty of situation, no spot on earth could possibly surpass it, a statement that will be fully borne out by the photograph reproduced on the opposite page of the Victoria Falls, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the Darjeeling Botanical Gardens.

The country around is rich with varied vegetation, of oak, chestnut, and magnolia, and the beautiful paths along the khuds and ridges are fringed with flowers of the rhododendron and hydrangea and others less familiar. No wonder that such a spot as this is thronged with the Civil and Military Service men, their wives and children. One can only hope that their holidays will not again be so terribly and disastrously disturbed.



VIEW AT DARJEELING, WHERE THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE TOOK PLACE ON SEPT. 25: VICTORIA FALLS, CLOSE TO THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. KAPP AND CO., DARJEELING.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE MAN WHO MADE WAGNER.\*

[No apology is needed for this illustrated review of a work already noticed in *The Sketch*. The book is interesting enough to deserve the compliment.—ED.]

But for the fact that his kingly position enabled him to befriend Wagner, Ludwig II. had better never have occupied the throne of Bavaria. Even as Wagner's patron, it is impossible to regard Ludwig sympathetically. His biographer is never weaker than when she turns apologist, but, after all, Ludwig, albeit for his own selfish gratification, bestowed upon



WAGNER, "THE KING'S MUSICIAN, 1865."

(Copied by courteous permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., the publishers, from the amply illustrated book by Frances Gerard, "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria.")

art a wonderful boon, and therefore we need not wholly regret that he was permitted to reign. Whether the mad King's life merits serious biographical treatment is another question. It certainly possesses a curious interest, even fascination, which might justify a couple of magazine articles, such as those which were avowedly the inspiration of the present weighty volume. But at the end of Miss Gerard's tome the reader finds himself just where the magazine left him, except haply that his respect for Ludwig II. has been considerably lessened, and that, I take it, is scarcely what the biographer intended. The general carelessness of the book must distress pedants, although one need not necessarily be a pedant to grieve over "the Duchess of D'Alençon," "the *fin de siècle* was going out in a terrible confusion," and "the Order of the Red Fowl or Red Eagle."

To pillory shortcomings is, however, the minor function of criticism, and if, in point of execution, the book leaves more than a little to be desired, the mere subject-matter justifies its title to romance. This Ludwig lived and moved a fantastic curiosity. And herein, of course, lies the interest. From boyhood, Ludwig is obviously insane, and the wonder is that his subjects suffered him as gladly as they did.

Most noteworthy, certainly, among the acts of Ludwig and all that he did, is his patronage of Richard Wagner, and here inevitably there is whimsical contradiction. For the King was no musician. It was the dramatic setting of the legends in which he himself lived a dream-life that fascinated Ludwig and drew him to the composer. From the year 1860, when he was present at the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Paris, Ludwig had been an ardent Wagnerian. According to Wagner's own account, the Crown Prince of fifteen immediately gave himself up to the study of "my musical works and my writings. He tells me that I have been his only guide and teacher." Making due allowance for the

composer's inordinate vanity, certain it is that he must have obtained considerable hold over the Prince's mind, for in 1864, only four weeks after his accession, Ludwig sent for Wagner, then in the deepest despondency, and gave him that position and opportunity of luxury for which the musician was ignobly whining.

Gratitude is one thing, fulsome flattery another, and the people of Munich did well to be angry. With the advent of Wagner begins that series of extraordinary quasi-dramatic vagaries which marked the King's career. Hohenschwangau very soon saw a romantic performance of the second act of "Lohengrin" in which the morning rappel was played by the Augsburg trumpeters from the top of the castle. From that day Ludwig identified himself more and more with the characters of Wagnerian music-drama.

For a time Wagner, installed as Court Musician, flourished mightily. His villa in the Brienner Strasse was a "dream of luxury and beauty." His friends Liszt, Semper, von Bülow, and Carolsfeld, the creator of the part of Tristan, were summoned to Munich, and the foundation of a new school of music was projected. In June 1865 "Tristan and Isolde" was performed for the first time at the Munich Opera House. Its success was complete. There is something of bathos, however, in the publication of the full text of the extravagant letter of congratulation which the King addressed to the composer. The people of Munich not unnaturally grew jealous, and at length Wagner was compelled to leave Munich. The proposal to erect a Festspielhaus for the Wagnerian operas proved the last straw. The plan, however, that failed in Munich was not suffered to drop. The King was faithful to his exiled musician, saw much of him across the border, and, at last, as everyone knows, the famous playhouse arose at Bayreuth.

One of the strangest incidents of Ludwig's career was his engagement to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte, daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. They were betrothed in 1867. The King was a dutiful if not an ardent lover. Preparations for the wedding went forward merrily, but one day it was announced that the match had been broken off. The King, it was said, would never formally consent to his marriage, and on being asked by Duke Maximilian either to marry at once or break off the engagement, flew into a rage, and chose the latter course. So, at least, the gossips said. Altogether, from the lurid incident in which the twelve-year-old Ludwig tried to bowstring his brother to the last tragedy which cost the King and his physician their lives, it is a weird story, and one that interests in spite of itself; in spite, too, of many defects in the telling.



THE DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE AND LUDWIG II.

(Copied by courteous permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., the publishers, from the amply illustrated book by Frances Gerard, "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria.")

\* "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria." By Frances Gerard. London: Hutchinson and Co.



## "THE PRINCE OF BORNEO."

"The Prince of Borneo" has come to the Strand Theatre, under the management of Mr. Frank Wheeler and the Broadhurst Brothers, who call it an "operatic farce" for reasons which they do not condescend to explain and nobody could guess. Less imaginative people would call it



MR. EDWARD JONES, COMPOSER OF "THE PRINCE OF BORNEO,"  
AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

*Photo by Bertram Chevalier, Bishop's Road, Paddington.*

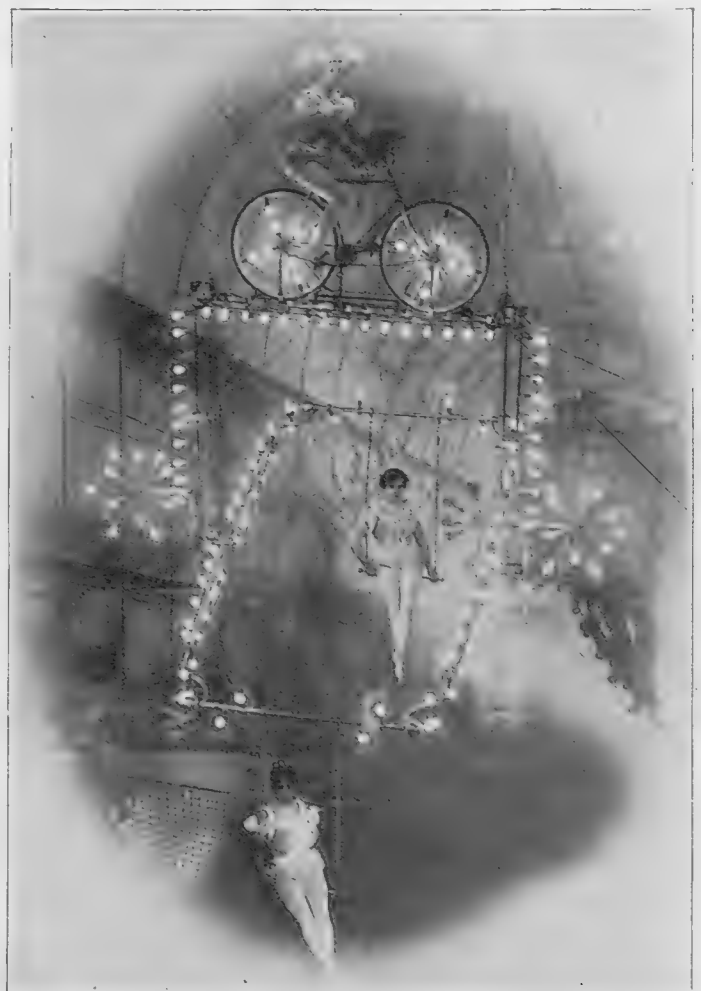
a musical farce, but, of course, it does not matter a row of pins how you classify it so long as the playgoer is not entitled to say that it is "no class." So far as story goes, it is not very "classy." The lady of position who is terrified lest a portrait painted of her when she was only a lady of pose—for the "altogether"—may be seen now in theatres at each end of the Strand, and the westernmost has priority; so I am afraid that, though history forbids us to accuse Mr. Herbert, author of the book, of "conveying" from Mr. G. R. Sims, we must mournfully say that history repeats itself, and this part of "The Prince of Borneo" falls a little flat. Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, the exported, re-imported, worked hard to render the part of the ex-artist's model amusing, and winked prodigiously in her song; but—and I must not say unfortunately—success is not to be achieved in London merely by a wink. There were even moments when a few of the old newspaper-hacks in the stalls felt that the phrase ought to be "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse." However, there is some pretty dancing in the piece, though not enough of it. There were times when in the light musical-dramatic works there used to be a surfeit of dancing, and now there is rarely enough. A very young girl in a Spanish dress—pink satin with black pompons—danced with such remarkable talent that the first-night audience was vexed when she fell, and gave her sincere kindly applause. Apparently she is Miss Lea Espinosa, and it may be guessed that she comes of a family very honourably associated with modern stage-dancing. The gestures and even in some notes the voice of Mr. Richard Temple junior reminded one strongly of the popular old Savoyard, and his singing was the most agreeable feature of the evening, for his voice, which will stand more training, and, what is more, will benefit by it, is of charming quality. Mr. Frank Wheeler, as the nigger who pretends to be the Prince of Borneo, worked very hard for the authors, and with a fair degree of success, particularly in his dancing, which is of excellent quality. His chief scenes lay with Miss Alice Aynsley Cook. She represented an elderly spinster, who falls in love with him, and trite and threadbare as were these scenes, the skill of the artists rendered them more amusing than some newer matters. Miss Nora Maguire had most of the singing, and used her powerful voice with effect in the music of Mr. Edward Jones, which, if not of remarkable quality, is skilfully written, and contains some numbers that are pretty in an unpretentious fashion. The piece is well enough mounted to make it appear that "The Prince of Borneo" proposes to pay a long visit to us.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

"I don't like London!" was a favourite catch-word during the time that Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his successor, Mr. Penley, respectively played that much-persecuted cleric, the Rev. Robert Spalding, in "The Private Secretary." It is doubtful, however, whether this phrase would be seriously endorsed by the many ecclesiastical gentlemen who will, with their wives, mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, come up to town from all parts this week to attend the Church Congress. Indeed, it is not unlikely, seeing that Church and Stage are now so much hand-and-glove, that a large-sized contingent of these rectors, incumbents, curates, and so forth, will want to go to the play while they are in London. In case this should prove thus, it is perhaps fitting to give here a few suggestions as to the principal theatrical attractions now to be found in town.

The very newest of these is Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Louis Napoleon Parker's play, "Man and his Makers," produced at the Lyceum last Saturday night. This play undoubtedly affords others besides church and chapel folk opportunities for controversial passages-at-arms. Then, again, there is the new Drury Lane drama, "Hearts are Trumps," the hero of which is an athletic or "militant" clergyman, who at the finish has to take steps (not to say leaps) in order to prevent his sweetheart falling into a terribly deep Alpine chasm. For purity combined with prettiness, assuredly nothing better in the play-line could be found than "An American Citizen," which finishes this week at the Duke of York's, in order to make room for the coming there next Monday of Mr. Hall Caine's new play, "The Christian," based upon his same-named novel, which has already aroused so much controversy both in theological and music-hall circles. Undoubtedly, however, it will not cause so much controversy as the play will. Our ecclesiastical visitors must, perhaps even during their present stay, be prepared (if all we hear be true) to find an extra-special "counterblast" against "The Christian" being issued by a very exalted Church dignitary.

Among "Society" plays more or less moral in their teaching, our visitors will have the choice of "The Gay Lord Quex," at the Globe; of "The Degenerates," now at the Haymarket, but to be transferred to the Garrick next Monday; and of "An Interrupted Honeymoon," at the Avenue, to which comedy, a few nights ago, there was added a new little play called "A Queen's Messenger." For dreamily dramatic fare there is "The Moonlight Blossom" and an audaciously named play called "The Sacrament of Judas," at the Prince of Wales's, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes-Robertson in both pieces. In the way of stirring melodrama there are "With Flying Colours," at the



THE CLEVER AND CHARMING LEAMY TROUPE AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photo by Campbell, Press Studio, Ludgate Hill.*

Adelphi, and "Alone in London," at the Princess's. The merry examples of dramatic works include "My Daughter-in-Law" and the just added old comedietta, "A Pretty Piece of Business," at the Criterion; "El Capitan," at the Lyric; "The Elixir of Youth," at the Vaudeville;

the Strand's latest production, "The Prince of Borneo"; "A Runaway Girl," at the Gaiety; and "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury, where it celebrated its six hundredth performance on Monday. And, in conclusion, it may be safely surmised that no self-respecting, Shakspeare-studying, occasionally playgoing, London-visiting clergyman will miss the chance of seeing Mr. Beerbohm Tree's splendidly mounted and finely acted revival of "King John," at Her Majesty's.

Speaking of Mr. Tree, it seems probable that, after his next Shaksperian production, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he will attempt Milton's "Comus," a masque which has not been seen on our stage since Phelps revived it at Drury Lane thirty-odd years ago.

Mr. Tree has his eye longingly cast on all sorts of other important characters to be tried by him in due course. These include Timon of Athens, Shylock, the Count of Monte Cristo, and Quasimodo in "Notre Dame." In the last-named play it might perhaps be more advisable for Mr. Tree to play Claude Frollo. Doubtless, however, this part will fall to Mr. Lewis Waller.

I write of the Leamy Troupe at the Empire. They are aerial gymnasts. Nothing new in aerial gymnastics, eh? No. Yet this particular performance is both fresh and striking, simply the outcome of novelty of treatment. It is not a "breathless" performance; you do not sit on tenter-hooks and grip your neighbour. You sit placid, but greatly interested. It is—what shall I say?—pretty! One does not usually designate an aerial performance pretty, but it is the correct word this time. The apparatus is picked out with vari-coloured electric-lamps, which at a certain stage in the performance are flashed into brilliance, and the effect is—pretty. The "troupe" consists of three shapely ladies, who give a very graceful exhibition on the revolving trapeze.

"An American Citizen" made its first appearance with an English company—a touring company formed by Mr. Robert Arthur—at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington, a few nights ago, and proved very successful, Mr. Frank Wyatt and Miss Dora De Winton scoring respectively in the parts sustained in the original cast by Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott.

"Lorraine," a musical play founded on Charles Kingsley's poem, with the refrain "Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree," is to be produced at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on the 31st. It has been composed by Signor Giovanni Clerici. The name-part will be undertaken by Miss Clara Addison.

"A Royal Family," the much-talked-of comedy by Captain R. Marshall, author of "His Excellency the Governor," is promised for production at the Court next Saturday. Messrs. Arthur Chudleigh and Dion Boucicault have engaged a fine company for this.

Miss Edith Woodworth, who, after a long absence, returned to the stage last week in "A Pretty Piece of Business," is about to try a new piece adapted by Mr. Charles Brookfield from "La Loi de l'Homme," at present entitled "The Sins of the Fathers"—a name already belonging to a long touring melodrama.

As I indicated might be the case some time ago, arrangements have now been concluded between Mr. Comyns Carr (managing director of the Lyceum) and Mr. Cameron (who was associated with "Alice in Wonderland," at the Opéra-Comique) for the production of a Christmas Fairy-play at the Lyceum. It is an adaptation by Mr. Arthur Sturges of "Der Schneeman," and will be called "The Snow-man." This, however, will not be the only fairy-play at the West-End next Christmas. As to pantomimes, there was to have been one at the Adelphi, but matters on this point are still in an unsettled state. Thus, the only two pantomimes fixed for the West-End are for Drury Lane and the Garrick. The pantomime at the last-named house, "Puss in Boots" to wit, is an up-to-date version of a piece which has achieved tremendous success in the provinces and is said to be full of rollicking fun. Of course, in this pantomime no attempt will be made on the Garrick's small stage to rival the glories of the usual Drury Lane show. For this Mr. Arthur Collins is now busily preparing a series of tableaux and "effects" of the most gorgeous and dazzling description.

I am sure my many dancing friends will be glad to know that MM. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth will commence their Fancy-Dress Ball Season at Covent Garden Theatre about a fortnight earlier than usual. Prepare your fancy-costumes, and order your dancing-pumps betimes. They intend to hold the first ball on Friday night, Oct. 20. MM. Rendle and Forsyth have not visited Paris in vain. The interior of the Opera House this year will represent "The Paris Exhibition, 1900." For this gay and lively wall-picture special scenery is being painted by Mr. Bruce Smith and assistants from photographs, sketches, plans, &c., taken in Paris by direction of MM. Rendle and Forsyth, and every effort will be made to carry out the scene as realistically as possible. If not drawn to Paris itself for a much-needed holiday, I hope to have the pleasure of assisting at the opening ball—Madame permitting.

"The Worst Woman in London" is what the poor "wreck" in "The Gay Lord Quex" would call the "very allurin'" title of a new melodrama written by Mr. Walter Melville for production at the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch. The title seems reminiscent of a work by the prolific Mr. F. C. Philips.

Sir Henry Irving, who let fall many wise remarks when laying the memorial-stone of Messrs. Hardie and Von Leer's new Victoria Theatre in the suburbs of Manchester a few days ago, will finish his tour at Liverpool next Friday night, and will the next morning embark for New York to start his American tour at the local Knickerbocker Theatre on the 30th inst. Sir Henry will not be back in England until about next St. Patrick's Day, when he will at once rehearse his new Massacre of St. Bartholomew play for production at the Lyceum, where (as this year) he will stay three months or so.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A better-knit combination of light satire and pretty sentiment it would be impossible to find than "The Patten Experiment" (Unwin), Mrs. Mann's latest and certainly most popular story. The Patten experiment was made by gently bred and prosperous people, who wished to know from experience the life of agricultural labourers. But you can extract no theory from it, democratic or the reverse. It is a picture of excellent persons in impossible situations. You laugh heartily and feel wholesomely commonsensical at the end of it. The experiment is started and conducted by a rigorously conscientious young clergyman, who will not abate one jot of the hardships incidental to the station he and his have voluntarily chosen for a week. It is not a prettily arranged æsthetic plan of plain living and high thinking, but the real thing, namely, unæsthetic and much too hard to permit of any thinking at all, save how to make wide-apart ends meet.

Eleven shillings a-week was the wage; one shilling had to go for rent, eighteenpence for clubs, one shilling to be retained by the bread-winner for his private expenses, beer and tobacco—not that this particular bread-winner was self-indulgent; but he was determined to play the game as it was actually and locally played. Seven-and-sixpence remained for food, firing, and light. The Rev. Eustace would allow no debt. He made a martyr of himself, and austere demanded martyrdom of all the others, save his wife. Luck was against them. Hunger, sunstroke, indigestion, and measles, and a summons before a bench of magistrates, are but a tithe of the ills that the week contained. Yet grace is lent to some of them, at least, not to hate the agricultural labourer for evermore. The little story gives opportunity for the most charming studies of character. The Pattens and the Buyans are sketched with a light and unerring hand, and through the domestic tangle in the little cottage that became hateful to them runs the prettiest of love-stories. Mrs. Mann has the too rare gift of doing serious work in fiction without a trace of laborious effort, and with no solemnity. She has the literary sense and a sense of humour; and may she prove her possession of them as frequently as possible must be the wish of all those who have read "The Patten Experiment."

The long way we have travelled from the days of "Oliver Twist" may be measured by Mr. Pett Ridge's new story, "A Son of the State," one of Messrs. Methuen's excellent "Sixpenny Novelist Series." The young hero is a London gamin, early acquainted with theft and violence and drunkenness, owning the key of the streets from his infancy, and having an inbred delight in seeing life. Bobby is not a prig. He finds the company of thieves and coiners much to his liking, though for thieving and coining himself he has no particular enthusiasm. An unprotected boy in the East-End of London, with strong social instincts and an adventurous spirit, is sure to come in collision with the police. Bobby is nabbed, and handed over to the care of the State. But no Bumble comes on the scene. The rest of the story is mainly a pæan on the training given in the State's cottage-homes and training-ships, where homeless waifs are made into men. A cheerful, bright tale is this last of Mr. Pett Ridge's, which will be widely read because of its philanthropic interest. But it is no mere brief for the present-day methods of dealing with little paupers. Bobby, the impudent, bold-tongued, rebellious, and independent gamin, is a delightful creation, and would be so whatever he were chosen to prove or illustrate.

The name of Mr. W.-L. Watson will be new to most readers of fiction, but it will not remain long unknown if he continues to write stories on the level of "Sir Sergeant" (Blackwood). "Sir Sergeant" is "A Story of Adventures that ensued upon the '45." The scene is not laid in the Highlands, but in Dundee, on the east coast of Scotland, and that fact is significant. As a tale full of stirring incident, it can be fully recommended; but there is more in it than will at once meet the eye of the average reader of adventure-stories. Mr. Watson has felt the pulse of the time—at least, outside the perfervid Highlands—and has written a story where, behind the actual fighters and plotters, you see another shadowy, but very real, struggle between the old loyalty that knew itself defeated and expected nothing more of life, and the new spirit that was tired of the old useless faith and was eager to profit materially by allegiance to the powers now uppermost. It is not so much a tale of Jacobites *versus* Hanoverians as of this unpractical loyal ideal against the instinct of gain. A promising new world was about to rise for Scotland, but something died with the old one, and both the beauty and the hopeless impracticability of that something Mr. Watson illustrates in Balmneath and his daughter Christine, in the hero, Sergeant Grier, and in the good tobaccoist, Lowrie.

It is a story, of course, of disappointment and defeat, but not shabby or sordid, as such are sometimes wont to be. Perhaps its best claim to distinction is as a love romance. The heroine is of high birth, beautiful, and accomplished. Her marriage with the gallant and high-minded Whig officer is suitable and what has been looked for all along. But Mr. Watson has dared to give her another lover, of low birth, meagre fortunes, and middle-aged, Sergeant Grier. He has allotted the Sergeant one hour of supreme bliss, when, for purpose of disguise, he plays at lovers with his dear mistress. Then he sends him out unrewarded to the world, as life would assuredly have done, and recalls him to his lady's presence only when years have tamed his hot heart and he is willing to be her pensioner. "Sir Sergeant" is unusually well written. Sometimes the narrative of the complicated adventures drags just a little, but the subtler emotional parts never.

O. O.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 11, 6.15; Thursday, 6.13; Friday, 6.10; Saturday, 6.8; Sunday, 6.6; Monday, 6.4; Tuesday, 6.1.

Is the pastime of cycling cheap? That is a question I often hear asked. Generally speaking, there is the idea that cycling costs practically nothing at all. As a matter of fact, the pleasure is more expensive than many folks imagine. On the other hand, it is the cheapest form of amusement you can get for the money. There are numerous little expenses connected with wheeling that are rarely taken notice of. There is the depreciation of the machine, special clothes, the cost of satisfying a cycling-produced thirst, lunches, touring expenses, railway charges when you want to reach the country in a hurry, and so on. I have been reading with interest a discussion in one of the cycling papers on this very point of the cost of cycling. There is no definite agreement. What it really costs is largely a matter of personal taste. To the ordinary rider, depreciation of the machine may be reckoned at something under six pounds a-year—that is, if the rider is content with a new machine every three years—counting twelve pounds for a new wheel and two pounds a-year for actual repairs. Then there is the cost of lunches away from home. Altogether, in round figures, it may be taken that the average man—not a dawdler, but an enjoyer of bicycling—who does his two thousand miles or so a-year pays for his enjoyment something at the rate of twopence-halfpenny a mile for the distance covered.

It is said that many ladies are giving up cycling because it has been discovered wheeling enlarges the waist. Well, I am writing these very lines on my knee sitting outside a French café, and there are five French girls within eyeshot, all cyclists and all dressed in bifurcated garments—I don't care for the garb, though one of the girls is exquisitely pretty. But waists—! I never saw such slim waists as these French girls possess. I feel certain that, had I the opportunity, I could encircle each with my double fingers. French girls are splendid riders, the finest in the world, I think. If riding enlarged waists, some of those fascinating waist-bands now before me ought to have broken long ago.

But I can quite understand why English ladies sometimes feel that when cycling their clothes are too tight. It is because they don't cycle enough; and when they do cycle, they pedal badly. With plenty of riding, you get full control over your breathing organs, and you are not so likely to perspire. When I have not been astride a wheel for a fortnight, I feel uncomfortable after the first hour's riding, if I am travelling at any pace. Then I drop into my proper cyclist state, and I can rattle on all day, never short of breath, never tired, never perspiring. It is all a matter of training. In the country I have accustomed myself to ride at a modest twelve miles an hour. So used have I got to this pace, so wholly natural is it for me to travel at this rate, that, should I go out for a spin with a man whose speed is fourteen or fifteen miles an hour, it is not long before I begin to puff like a novice.

Therefore, I would say to ladies who get hot and uncomfortable when riding, do more cycling. Don't, however, ride in tight corsets. Be careful to learn pedalling from the ankle, and not from the knee. It is the knee-and-hip lady cyclist that looks horrible. When the time arrives that you ride with as much ease as you can walk, then you may begin tightening your corsets gradually. If my young-lady reader practises this plan these winter months, she will be able to cycle next summer with as slim a waist as the sweet French girls who are now so merry within a dozen yards of where I write; and, cool and calm, she will be able to smile serenely at her puffing and perspiring sisters.

By the way, I have just been reading what Mrs. Crawford, the well-known lady correspondent in Paris, thinks about lady cyclists. Here is what she says—

I was this week sitting in a sort of languid ecstasy before a marble nymph at Versailles. The close-clipped and formal hedge of wych-elm behind threw into relief her many points. She seemed a transposition into marble of some exquisite melody suitable for the flute. The draperies were worthy of the figure. I wondered how the Grecians came to imagine such a being, for they had no fine ladies among them. As I thus mused, a pair of cyclists, male and female, of good social standing, passed on foot between me and the statue. He was like any other young cyclist of his standing. She was sunburnt, a bit daring, and had the broad shoulders and the calves of a stout English dean. My reflection was, "The world spins on at a furious pace, but does it improve? I dare say, though, that the male cyclist is pleased with it." Then up came another lady cyclist, walking beside her bike. She was young, had short, curly hair, a fair, open face, tomboy good-humour, and a white skin. The skin I judged of by the hiatus between her cycling-costume and her socks, for socks are the latest thing in the feminine cyclist's costume. But was she attractive? Not to one whose eye was filled with an antique muse in marble, with a background of delicious greenery. But she was in her place in a world of hurry-scurry, of competition gone mad, of self-advertisement and making play with the elbows. What place is there for serene suavity, for charm that does not hit the eye, but steals on it, for calm, gentle dignity, rooted in the conscience, in such a world? The two lady cyclists were to me the promise, or the threat, of a new race of women—and the right women, too, in the right place.

This is a picture of the French lady cyclist as seen by a kindly but elderly English lady. So much, however, depends on the point of view. The other evening, at a dinner-party where mostly French folks were present, there was an animated talk on the English lady cyclist, and, my dear young lady at home, it was decided you were lanky and awkward,

flat-footed, and absolutely without taste in costume, and that you had prominent teeth! Again, so much depends on the point of view.

Here is the story of the dastardly conduct of a pneumatic tyre. It comes from America. A youth in Indiana was quietly pedalling along, when suddenly the back tyre went off with a terrific bang, with the yaup of a cannon; the rider was thrown high into the air, and came down on the ground with an awful crash. He was picked up dying. What a wicked tyre!

Whenever I come across anybody that does not wheel, I immediately become a propagandist. Even octogenarians I tackle. And one of the chief personal objections against starting bicycling is the plea of nervousness. "Yes, I would like to bicycle, but I am so nervous," is a remark one often hears. Now, really, when cycling has been properly learnt, the pastime does as much as anything I know to abolish nerves. It is only the poor rider that is nervous. Therefore, it might as well be argued that it is inadvisable for a child to learn to walk because it is likely to frequently fall down. But, apart from the usual nervousness that every beginner feels, I think it is now tolerably well admitted that to those who are constitutionally nervous, cycling can almost be called a remedy.

May I quote my own case, for personal experience is always worth far more than theory? I am, constitutionally, a nervous man; I am fidgety and irritable, and when I have had a long strain of literary labour, I get so nervous I cannot hear a door bang without starting. Many a day, mentally weary and physically shaky, I have got on my bicycle, and within five minutes new life has poured into my blood. The nervousness goes, and I find myself swinging through the country lanes as happy as a sandboy. For brain-fog there is nothing in this world so bracingly recuperative as a couple of hours' spin on a bicycle.

It is well known—and I have been picturesquely anathematised because of my opinion—that it would be beneficial to everybody if there was registration and taxation of bicycles. Here in France, where all machines are taxed, I have never heard a murmur of dissent. Indeed, our Gallic friends think they are more fortunate than the English, inasmuch that they have the best of all rights to express their opinions regarding the state of the roads. The taxation of cycles and moto-cycles yields £180,000 a-year in France. A five-shilling tax would add a nice little sum to the pocket of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Personally, I have never advocated the tax should go to that high personage. I want the tax to be local, imposed by Municipal and County Councils, so that candidates desiring the honour to sit on those bodies would have to conciliate the cycle vote. We should remember that cyclists are a distinct body, and if we want benefits we should not object to pay for them.

A little while ago, I urged the enjoyment of a little party of wheelers going into the country and having a friendly contest in securing the greatest variety of wild-flowers. Now is the time to arrange nutting and blackberrying parties. Because we are in the middle of October, don't think the beauty of English lanes has disappeared. Next week I hope to be cycling through some of them. There is hardly anything in the world so exquisitely beautiful as the warm glow of English trees in autumn.

It is generally assumed that bicycle-racing, as a means of earning a living, is a thing of the past. But Walters, the young Londoner who has been accomplishing such phenomenal rides on the Continent this season, is said to have netted £440 by winning the recent six hours' race in Berlin. For about a fortnight, Walters held the record for a twenty-four hours' ride, having added a good number of miles to Cordang's famous distance covered at the Crystal Palace. But the Dutchman did not allow the Englishman to hold the honour long. He has outdone Walters. Paced by eight tandems, he rode 640 miles 169 yards in the twenty-four hours.

A paragraph has been sent to me referring to a ride by a Mr. Freeston over the Stelvio Pass, in the Alps, where the altitude is 9055 feet, and I am asked if this is the highest carriage-road, over which one can cycle, in the world. I believe it is. The highest waggon-road I have personally cycled on was at Sherman, in the Rocky Mountains, but the altitude there was only 8247 feet. In the mountains of Western China I have cycled on what is known as "the highest road in the world," at an altitude of 9100 feet. But it was not a carriage-road, and there was nearly as much walking necessary as cycling was possible. As far as I know, therefore, the way over the Stelvio Pass is the highest legitimate cycling-way—that is, if it was cycled, and not walked. If it comes to walking, I think I can claim the palm against this Alpine wheelman.

J. F. F.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

I am afraid some very big gambling has taken place on the Turf this year, and until now the racecourse backers have had all the best of the deal. Indeed, I know of two bookmakers who had lost £40,000 and £20,000 respectively from the first day of Lincoln up to the commencement of the last Newmarket meeting, but things went so badly with backers at headquarters that the two fielders actually got back £30,000 of their losings in the week. To show the extent of the gambling that took place at Newmarket, I need only mention the case of one horse on which the stable commission reached £10,000, and the animal was never in the race. This sort of wild speculation is not good for sport, and it should be discouraged. We want owners who will race for something above and beyond the money it is possible to obtain from the bookmakers, and I must admit to feeling pleased at times when I hear of the reckless plungers losing their money. Good sportsmen are scarce, and we could do with many of them on the Turf at the present time.

I had a pleasant little chat the other day with one of the Americans who came over to "make the English bookmakers sit up." It seems they found the task a difficult one at the start, and I was glad to hear that they had decided to play light. Indeed, up to now, they have not gone in for a big plunge, as they find the prices too short to do any good, and I think I am right in suggesting that they are only likely to put up big sums in the case of horses running for the principal handicaps. As the 'cute Yankee observed, "It is too tame to play for our own money."

We intend to wait until some of the owners bet big—that will give us our opportunity." I did not tell him that many of our owners had been "betting big" of late, but I can quite see "the form of campaign." The Yankees want the bookmakers to have big volumes opened on the principal races: then our visitors will try and annex the sugar, as they term it, in large lumps.

The American speculator before referred to says he should like to know why it is certain speculators never attempt to study the book. They simply career Tattersall's Ring, waiting to get the cue what to do. They ask no questions, and want to know nothing, except to be able to see what certain members of the sharp division are backing. In sporting phraseology, they wait until they get "the office," and then go for the gloves. It is a remarkable fact in connection with our racecourses that the money of some men does tell. If certain speculators put it down, they generally pick it up again. Perhaps some historian in the near future will be able to tell us where these plungers got their information from. At present the game puzzles not only Yankees, but Englishmen of thirty years' Turf experience.

Sir Thomas Lipton has not taken up with horse-racing yet, but I hear he was quite ready to give a big price for Flying Fox before the horse won the Derby. Sir Thomas is very fond of horses, and he keeps some valuable trotters. Lord Dunraven combined yachting with racing; so did Lord Wolverton and the late Mr. John Gretton, while the Earl of Lonsdale has owned a few yachts and a few racehorses in his time. The Earl of Dudley went in for yachting after he had given up horse-racing. As all the sporting world knows, M. Cannon is very fond of yachting, and he sails his own little craft on the Southampton waters. The brothers George and Fred Barrett, both dead, used to keep a yacht, and Fred was a fine sailor. Racing officials do not favour the water, although I know of one Clerk of the Course who once spent a whole summer on a house-boat on the upper reaches of the Thames.

The racing fixtures for next year show little variation to those for '99. Kempton Park has been given the Easter Monday, and Hurst Park got Whit-Monday and the August Bank Holiday. The Epsom Summer Meeting will open on May 29, the Derby being run on the 30th and

the Oaks on June 1. Ascot will begin on June 12. The Goodwood fixture is later than usual, as it is set for July 31 and three following days. Doncaster begins on Sept. 11, and the St. Leger will be run on the 12th.

The Metropolitan courses have their full share of fixtures, but I notice that only four days' racing will be held at Alexandra Park. Eighteen meetings under the Rules of Racing, or the National Hunt Rules, will take place during Easter Week, and ten meetings are fixed to come off during the Whit-Week. There are many fixtures yet to be made under National Hunt Rules, yet it can be seen that sport will be brisk during the first three months of the new year, always provided the weather is favourable to the jumping business.

The Second October Meeting always attracts a good crowd to Newmarket, especially on the Wednesday, when the Cesarewitch is the chief item on the card. The race this year should be worth witnessing, but the winner should not be hard to find, as there are so few acknowledged stayers of the field. Merman, Innocence, Scintillant, Asterie, Sherburn, and Flambarde we know could get the course, and such as White Frost, Irish Ivy, Mitcham, Chubb, and Grodno may run well; but some of the horses that will start could not last two miles and a-quarter even without a jockey in the saddle, let alone with one. I think, when all is over, Scintillant will be very close; but, for the actual winner, I should go back to my very first fancy for the race. This, it will be remembered, was Innocence. The horse is trained on good, healthy going at Michel Grove, and he will certainly be well ridden in the race by O. Madden, who got home first on Chaleureux last year.



THE JOHNSTONE AND GLEESON RACE-STARTING MACHINE: NOW IN USE IN AUSTRALIA AND POSSIBLY TO BE USED IN ENGLAND.

foot-warmers on the railway-carriage pattern should be strewed about the stands when the winter meetings are in progress. I know of several big bookmakers who would give anything in reason to be able to stand on a foot-warmer and shout the odds during the steeplechasing season, and perhaps Mr. Richard Dunn, who is lucky enough to hold a large number of shares in the Hurst Park Company, will be the first to give my suggestion to his directors. The foot-warmer is bound to come, unless the stands could be heated by steam-pipes.

CAPTAIN COE.

## LORD ROSEBERY AND THE GREAT PURITAN.

The Earl of Rosebery has a congenial task before him. He has consented to deliver an address on Oliver Cromwell in the Queen's Hall after the unveiling of the statue of the Protector in what Mr. Redmond called "a sort of area" at Westminster on Oct. 31. The ex-Premier has always had a special admiration for the great Puritan, who, as many of his latter-day admirers may be surprised to hear, resembled Lord Rosebery in his support of horse-racing. Lord Rosebery's interest in Cromwell does not, as may be imagined, increase his popularity with the various Irish parties. He is a keen collector of Cromwellian relics; but in this respect he is probably less fortunate than Sir George Wombwell, whose collection at Newburgh Priory is regarded by many experts as the best and most authentic in existence, owing to the fact that he inherited it directly from his ancestress, Mary, daughter of the Protector himself. It would be certainly very interesting to have a properly organised Cromwell Exhibition. His blood runs in the veins of many notable people of the day, and, in addition to the large collections, there are scattered about in the custody of various private owners quite a number of authentic relics.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The advent of sinuous, sweeping draperies, and skirts which fit the figure as tightly as any scabbard its blade, has given rise, among other things, to a new method of walking, which, while distinctly circumscribed, is also irresistibly ludicrous to the philosophic, analytical mind. There



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A HANDSOME DINNER-GOWN.

is always, of course, a cause for the apparently erratic observances and divergencies of the Eternal adorable Feminine, and, just as the Alexandra limp to which our fashionably inclined Mammas fell victims in the 'sixties or 'seventies—I forget which—was the outcome of a royal misadventure, so our present walking *à la mode*, as practised by devoted and valiant dames and damsels on both sides of St. George's Channel, is put down as the result of a mishap to a certain Duchess, who, finding that her modish tightly moulded skirts had given way at an especially awkward seam, was obliged to go delicately, like Agag, down the Avenue de l'Opéra until a convenient fiacre was hailed and stopped, into which she forthwith hurriedly disappeared. Her mode of locomotion, I have it on the best authority, meanwhile was grace itself, and that, too, under the most trying auspices—so much so, in fact, that this impeded poetry of motion has since been adopted by the fashionably disposed, as representing the appropriate gait of winter 1899, and, though the philosophic may shrug their shoulders and call the shade of Schopenhauer to witness that woman ever was and will be a vain and overrated part of the universal scheme, we shall, all the same, go mincing along through coming months, probably while tight skirts and the instincts of vanity prevail.

Coming to the actual head and front of all this impediment, namely, the fashionable dress of the moment, I find its chief characteristics can be summarised in a few words, though its actual seductions may be too subtle for mere bold definition. A great deal of fluffiness, "enroulements," as they say on the boulevards, which, at the same time, rather emphasises than conceals the lines of the female form divine, will be found noticeably writ large on the last and best expressions of the present

mode. Nothing that widens the shoulders is at all admissible, while at the bottom of most well-built skirts will be found that fulness and soft mass of flounces which are made to surround and encircle lovely woman, and by which she obtains the effect of seeming taller than she really is, when standing motionless, or as if resting on a pedestal, as it were, since so many of the newest gowns are made several inches longer in front than the height of the wearer. Naturally, walking-dresses are not carried to such extreme lengths of a graceful but inconvenient mode; were it so, we should all be obliged to sit permanently at home, unless, when ordering new frocks, we could at the same time bespeak carriages for our immediate necessities, and this, though admittedly desirable, is not equally within call of our passing wishes, worse luck!

Still apropos of the clothes question, I am here reminded that an excellent man of many parts and wise exceeding in his generation laid it down as an axiom to be remembered at suitable moments that "there is always a best way of doing everything, even unto the boiling of an egg." With such a self-evident fact not even the most captious will, indeed, want to quarrel, least of all those who, loving the matutinal *œuf* softly boiled, are often moved to wrath by finding it present the unyielding surface of a bullet to their spoon. That pang, that immediate spell of disappointment, which strikes us even in the matter of an unrealised breakfast, has many parallels in the passage of every day for most of us. But perhaps, of all the small trifles that vex and agitate the feminine constitution, that one is chiefest which, born, like all other disillusionments, of incompetency, sends home to our unaccomplished anticipation the misfitting frock on which we had fondly centred so many hopes and wishes.

Even with the most rooted habit of courtesy to our neighbours, it becomes difficult at such a crisis to refrain from thirsting audibly for the



[Copyright.]

AN EARLY-AUTUMN WALKING-DRESS.

dressmaker's blood. That confection, so carefully planned, so fondly summoned to our imagination as adorned with perfection in every "seam, gusset, and band," comes home to roost null and void of fascination or completeness, a breaker of tryst, the abject shadow of its



intended substance, and, in all lights and attitudes, a thorn in the sensitive side of its disconsolate discriminating owner.

I once knew a man who, anxious to test the temper of his betrothed, was advised to stand on her dress at an unexpected moment, tear it, if possible, and see how she looked when off her guard. But, if he could have bribed her dressmaker to spoil the fit and style of her last new frock, I submit that the ordeal would have been a much more complete and all-embracing one. For excuse of all ill-manners in this connection, one may indeed exclaim, with Orlando, "Distress hath ta'en away from me the show of smooth civility!" But the preventative to such mishappenings lies with ourselves too, in eschewing the cheap aspirant to sartorial honours, and employing instead the best obtainable trained labour. Following the well-accepted rule that cheapness usually spells nastiness, it may be further added that, in the choice of a *couturière*, the apparently dearest turns out the actually cheapest, and is, in the end, an economy of time and temper to boot.

To convey the actual extravagance of clothes in the Gay City at present would be difficult, unless the application of a new system of

speaking, it may be dogmatically laid down that for slight figures the straight *sacque-coat*—made tight, though, be it understood—is the best. Of course, a rotund matron of meridian summers—or, more properly, autumns—should avoid a style distinctly sacred to the slim. She probably will wish to adopt it, but, if wise, will refrain. For fat women—let me write the dread word in all its nude virility—curved lines in garments are more gracious than shapeless bags. Of course, no woman who values herself will ever grow round, nor need she if sufficient abstinence in dietary is observed. But, again, for those whose expansion from the slender grace of seventeen is already an accomplished fact, let me recommend some of the new delightful redingotes and pelerines, long, somewhat trained, and of easy-fitting outline.

Many of these, built for this winter's usage, are of splendour sufficient to render them not unworthy the Venus of Milo herself, could her lovely, bounteous graces have ever stooped to the shelter of a twentieth-century creation. Coming to hats, which always crown or kill the question of a costume, I find their tendency to be very ornate, with high crowns as to large chapeaux, and these are often trimmed with fringe; while the toques to which small women will advisedly adhere are rather inclined to extend themselves in size and wax broad over the face. Moleskin, sable, tulle, and other incongruous materials are used together, curious little fringed ends, made to fall over the hair at back, being added to many. A dainty toque of violine velvet, with fringed scarf of *écru mousseline-de-soie* and painted velvet roses, met me in Bond Street the other day, and, as its owner informed me, came from Jay's. Nothing more perfect could have been worn or made.

Another product of the same establishment was a toque of black tulle with a quaint bow of ermine-tails; a third, of the "Trianon" shape, in old pink felt, trimmed with drab silk and fringed in both colours, had a curious garland of dew-sprinkled velvet roses in many shades which altogether escape particularisation, their colours were so irregular but delightful. Finally, at Madame Kinska's, of 168, Piccadilly, who is gaining such an immense *clientèle* in her cosy little first-floor, I saw some Directory hats, done in velvet and tufts of feathers for a forthcoming big wedding, which surpass in *chic* any bridesmaids' hats I have seen for a long time. The wonder of it is that Kinska is so cheap, her style is so finished.

SYBIL.

### GENERAL THE MARQUIS DE GALLIFFET.

The man of the day in France is the War Minister, General Galliffet, who has undertaken the reform of the Army in a series of vigorous measures. The sub-officials of the Mercier type are as disconcerted as ducks in thunder, while the good public is as gratified as it is surprised. No one could have hoped in advance that an aristocrat would thus work in harmony with a Socialist Ministry for the reform of abuses laid mostly to aristocratic doors. General Galliffet is one of the most picturesque figures to be found anywhere. A brave cavalier, a romantic lover, his life has run like a fairy-tale. Plunging headlong into his military career without waiting to finish his studies, he made the campaigns of the Empire—the Crimea, Italy, Mexico—running at breakneck pace into dangers, careless of what or where, returning every time with a little more reason in his young head, a *galon* the more on his sleeve. Decorated at Sebastopol, winning the epaulettes of Colonel at Vera Cruz, he arrived at Sedan at the head of a brigade, with the stars of General newly attached to his *képi*. The annals of the Army teem with his romantic exploits, and he was universally regretted when, four years ago, he passed into the Reserve.

As he was faithful to the Empire, he has been faithful also to the Republic. And this point of military honour which consists in serving the Government faithfully, without question, which he has vindicated so highly, and which has set him in high contrast with so many other members of the French Army, has been illustrated by an amusing and characteristic anecdote published unexpectedly last week. It appears that the *Prétendant*, the Duke of Orleans, last year wrote General Galliffet a letter, inviting him to visit him at Wood Norton for the shooting. The General diplomatically replied that he was "not rich enough to accept the flattering invitation." On this, the insistent Duke sent a messenger to say that he himself would pay the expense of the voyage; to which the General very finely replied that he was "not poor enough to accept the gracious offer." No comment is needed to this delicious story. To-day, instead of occupying a cell at the Luxembourg, General Galliffet is Minister of War.

General the Marquis de Galliffet comes of a long line of distinguished soldiers. He is the son of Justin, Marquis de Galliffet, Lieutenant of Cavalry, Lieutenant of Musketeers in 1814, who covered himself with glory in the Spanish campaign, and he is uncle by marriage to Prince Kraft of Hohenlohe-Oehringen, Captain of the 4th Austrian Dragoons, "Emperor Ferdinand's." The ancient hôtel of the Galliffets is one of the most interesting of the historic houses left in Paris. It was built in 1750 by Simon-Alexandre de Galliffet, who had made an enormous fortune in the cod-fisheries. Built on the same model as Little Trianon, its sculptured salons are masterpieces of pure eighteenth-century style, and recall those in the hôtel of Madame du Barry. Confiscated during the Revolution, it became in the suite the refuge of the Duc d'Enghien against the fury of Bonaparte. Talleyrand occupied it for a time, and it was afterwards the home of the Duc de Richelieu. Under the Restoration it was restored to the Galliffets, who sold it, and it is now occupied by the Italian Ambassador.



[Copyright.]

THE TAILOR-MADE FASHION OF THE SEASON.

Röntgen-rays to the various smart dressmakers' ateliers could be brought to bear. But a sufficiency of side-lights is thrown on the coming modes by the smart cardboard boxes which are brought home by one's lucky friends on their way home from abroad at this autumn "sweet of the year." One prosperously pursed dame called some days since in a dress beautiful exceedingly, but wickedly extravagant, from the Londoner's point of view. A double tunic cut in a curve in front was of automobile-red cloth, bands of stitching in brighter shade of cerise edging tunic and both sides of the square bolero-bodice. The underskirt was overlaid with ermine, which showed beneath the tunic. A short shoulder-cape of the same beautiful and becoming fur was brought in a point over the real-lace vest, held in with ruby and gold clasps, while a lace jabot made most artistic cause with the ermine at neck. Pointed cuffs of ermine gave the finishing touch to this deliberately delightful dress.

Apropos of the eternal tailor-made, dozens of girls are undecided at the moment between the "to be or not to be" of tight-fitting, loose, short, long, or variously otherwise of the many styles presented for consideration by the plausible artist of their particular patronage. Broadly



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.*

## THE FIVE PER CENT. RATE.

As we anticipated last week, the Bank of England Directors put up the rate 1 per cent. before our "Notes" appeared in print, but we hardly expected that, doing this on Tuesday, they would have made a further increase on the usual day. The position of the Reserve, however, showing a drop of nearly 10 per cent. in the proportion towards liabilities, and the practical certainty of a heavy drain for war purposes in South Africa, made the further change a wise one, to say nothing of the stiffening of rates at all the large Continental centres. The Stock Exchange took dear money very well, and, on the idea that war had actually begun, put up prices all round on Thursday, showing that hostilities would be a welcome relief from the long-drawn-out uncertainty through which the markets have been passing.

The Stock Exchange has spent its Saturday in a fast and furious "bear"-hunt—in fact, there was quite a rush to get in, and Rand Mines have been done at 32½, although best prices are not the last. Before these lines are in our readers' hands there may be another fit of "bull"-baiting, for this sort of thing means nothing, and is bound to occur as long as negotiations drag on. The real danger which buyers run at present is, in our opinion, not an outbreak of hostilities, but some sort of a patched-up peace, which, while it may appear to settle things, will, in fact, not do so. The mastery of South Africa is in the balance, and it can only be settled by fighting it out on the veldt—slaying our brother Boer, as Mr. Stead would call it—and the market fully realises that, the sooner the fighting begins, the sooner will the time to buy come again.

Our illustration this week is of the great Broken Hill Proprietary Silver-Mine, in New South Wales, with which we had hoped to give a letter from our correspondent on the spot; unfortunately, the manuscript has miscarried or been delayed in the post, an error which shall be remedied at the earliest possible moment.

## TWO ARGENTINE LOANS.

In days of discredited gilt-edged securities it is perhaps somewhat superfluous to talk about investments of the second grade. Nevertheless, without encouraging speculation in the bonds, we think that a paragraph's attention devoted to Argentine securities at their existing prices will help in guiding some of our readers who are not compelled by circumstances to put their money into stocks such as those indicated by our little "Trust" this week. The best Argentine bonds are standing at almost the lowest prices reached this year, and the present is a favourable moment in which to view their merits or demerits as a speculative investment.

Stock Exchange opinion leans decidedly towards a rise. "Where else," exclaimed a jobber in the market a day or two ago, "can you find a stock of the standing of Argentine Funding that will pay you 6½ per cent.?" This Loan stands next to the 5 per cent. 1886 Bonds as regards security. The latter at 90 yield nearly 5½ per cent., and are the least speculative of the Argentine Government Loans that can be obtained. These 1886-7 Bonds are secured generally upon the Republic's revenue, more particularly the Customs House receipts, and the interest is remitted every month to Europe. The sinking-fund has been suspended until January 1901, after which date it is presumed that it will again be continued. Less than £400,000 suffices to pay the yearly interest on this Loan, a comparatively small sum for Argentina, and any amount of tinkering with the currency is not likely to affect its regular payment.

Subject to the 1886-7 Loan, the Funding Bonds are also secured upon the Customs receipts of the country, and the full 6 per cent. interest was resumed last October. The price is about the same as that of the 1886 Loan—that is, 90—and has lately been marked ex-dividend, the coupons being payable quarterly. The Loan was raised in the critical days of 1891, in order to provide for the interest and amortisation of the national external loans then outstanding.

## HOME RAILS.

A Five per Cent. Bank-Rate is regarded with something akin to disgust by the Home Railway Market in the Stock Exchange, because a large amount of stock comes in for sale, as a rule, for those capitalists who can obtain better interest on their money by lending it on other

securities. Contango rates, too, begin to be severely felt, and while dear money lasts it is futile for the day-to-day speculators to look for a rise in this department, a point which we have urged in each of our last two issues. To pay 7 or 8 per cent. for continuing a stock which yields from 4 per cent. to nothing at all, is scarcely worth doing, unless conditions pointed to an early rise which would enable the buyer to get out at a profit, but it is difficult at the moment to see from what direction any substantial advance in Home Rails may be engineered.

The market hangs upon the crisis, which sent Consols down to 101½ and raised the Bank Rate 30s. per cent. in seven days. Once a settlement of the political situation is appointed, we may again begin to regard Railway stocks upon their merits, and it is this view that is being anxiously brought into the focus of operators and investors in the market. Will "Brums," and Westerns, and Dover "A," and Chatham go better after the crisis, or will they stay at their present prices? Now, war and dear money are only passing influences. Possibly they may endure for a few months at the outside, and meanwhile the trade of the country is not likely to be hampered on either account to any appreciable extent. The country's trade is increasing by leaps and bounds, according to the Board of Trade's returns, and the Heavy lines are all credited with good traffic increases upon last year's figures. In these two facts lie the hopes of the "bulls," and the temptations for those who are uncertain what to buy in a time which everyone agrees is presenting bargains that may not occur again for years. Great Western, Great Eastern, and Dover "A" have the best prospects for a rise in the near future, after the trouble is settled, but it is pretty safe to buy anything in this market for putting-away purposes. For speculation, however, the "bull" operator had better leave Home Rails severely alone for a while.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

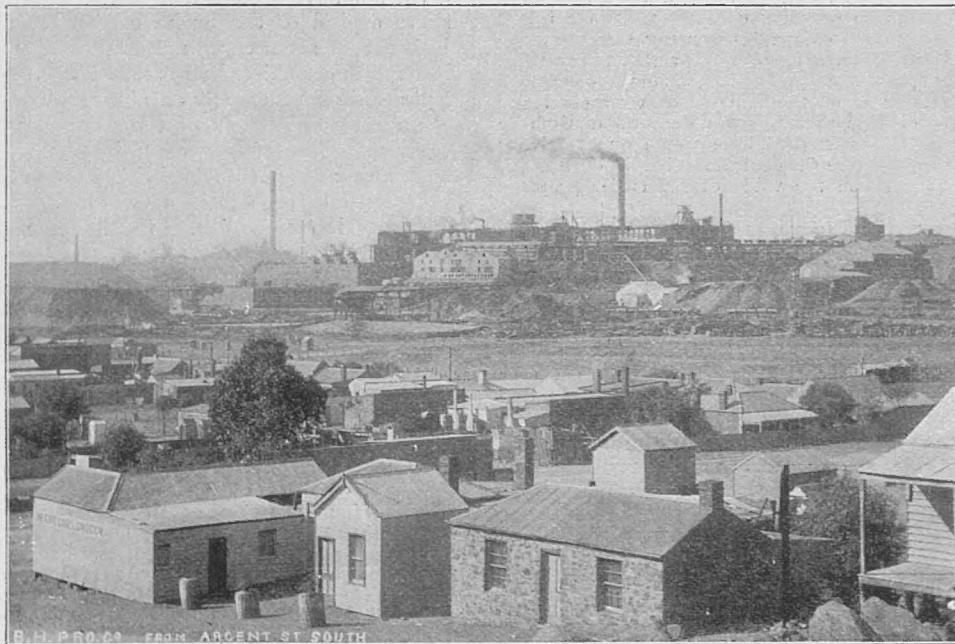
That the reported outbreak of war on Thursday last should have been followed by a sharp rise in South Africans surprised no one more than the members in the Kaffir Circus, who might have been supposed to know what effect such an announcement would have had, if anyone did. "Discounting peace via the purchase of Delagoa Bay," it was said to be; but the "bears" were at the bottom of the rise, although brokers are larger buyers than sellers, on their clients' behalf. The limit-books of half the members of the House are gradually being filled up with

orders to buy Kaffirs, at what each man thinks will be panic prices, and the Stock Exchange itself is just as eager to hit the right moment for "having a few" as its clients are. Consequently, upon any semblance of buying, the would-be "bulls" get uneasy, think they are going to be left in the cold, raise their limits, and impart a transitory strength to the market.

It is quite likely that Kaffirs may go lower before the general recovery is brought about with any degree of stability. Whether the Boer rebels are beaten at once or not, the result of the present crisis will make itself felt for weeks, possibly months, ahead. While Kruger persists in his present frame of mind, permanent peace for the South of Africa is out of the question, and, if peace should be proclaimed to-day, how far would the five years' franchise go to satisfy the legitimate grievances of the Uitlanders? The whole question must be fought out sooner or later, on the veldt or across the baize, and, if it were now settled once and for all, many people in the Kaffir Market declare that it would be by far the best thing that could happen for the gold-mining industry. So that for some few weeks to come the market is likely to be switch-backed up and down by every wind that blows from the Cape and Durban. But, even where prices are down in the depths of panic, let holders remember that the car always runs towards a goal, and that goal is *not* situated on the ground-floor. We would repeat our former advice with regard to this market, and urge that, instead of buying shares in individual mines, purchasers should rather turn their attention to such things as Rand Mines, Consolidated Goldfields, Randfontein, and others whose interests in so many concerns constitute some safeguard against the risk of losing all they possess.

## OUR RAND LETTER.

The following letter has just reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent, and is worth considering by those investors who think that, as soon as the war is over, the gold production will return to its former level. A British victory would put prices up to a very high



THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY MINE.



figure, but there will be many weary months before the industry can return to its normal state.

#### CONSOLIDATED MAIN REEF.

Bargains are now on offer in the Kaffir Market, as I have all along predicted would be the case before this political business is settled. From politics to labour is but a step. Now we are confronted with a grave shortage of white and black labour as a direct result of the war-scare. The white miners are returning in boat-loads to Cornwall and other Home districts, while the Kaffirs are leaving the Rand every day in hundreds, and those I have interrogated tell me it is not their intention to return before Christmas, as they do not expect the "war" to be over before then. In the event of war, it is officially announced that the first act of the Boer Government will be to put the ninety-odd thousand "boys" at the mines across the border, for the safety of women and children. Here, then, is a serious dilemma—serious to a degree that cannot be exaggerated in the event of war. It has taken many years to bring up the labour force of the Rand to the present numbers and efficiency, and, while war will compel us to do all the work over again, it will take many months, under the most favourable circumstances, to undo the damage already done to the labour-supply. The longer the strain, the greater the damage to be repaired.

There is practically not a mine that is not suffering, and outputs and profits must fall. To some extent the scarcity of white miners is being overcome by the growing practice of managers to give each white man more than one machine-drill to look after. Blaue, late of the New Primrose, was the first to introduce this sensible piece of economy, which has since been imitated by many others, and in a crisis like the present it is invaluable if one white drillman can be got to do the work of two.

The political situation has knocked fully twenty shillings off the price of Consolidated Main Reefs, and it comes to be a question whether the buying point has not been reached in prospect of an early settlement of the political difficulty. In regard to this property, reports are very conflicting, and what I am going to give are my own impressions, gathered on the spot. In dealing with such a large stretch of ground, one is hampered by the fact that there is not a drive cut in the central section, but, as far as development has proceeded at the eastern and western ends, it has shown rock of a promising nature. The western end, from which the reefs are being drawn on at present to supply the mill, shows a fair grade. Development is being pushed ahead, and there is a good reserve of pay-ore in sight. The eastern end of the property contains rock of a better grade altogether. One recalls that the old companies working this ground—Nabob, Tharsis, and Anglo-Tharsis—used to average over 8 dwt. without cyanide, and in those days the plate extraction was not very high, although I have no doubt that E. H. Dunning, the tributor of the Nabob, took the best ore available. I have always held the opinion that this was the best end of the property, and there are quite 100,000 tons exposed here which ought to give 10 dwt. It will take twelve months yet before the central section is opened up, and not till then will it be possible to reckon the value of the entire property with any degree of certainty.

As regards the surface equipment, it is to be on the most elaborate and up-to-date scale. There are three incline-shafts, dividing the property into equal sections. The head-gears at the east and west are nearly complete. They are good, roomy, substantial structures, and it seems to be the intention to do the sorting at each, which I think is rather a mistake. There is nothing like a central sorting-station. A very large compressor which has been erected ought to run about fifty drills. It is erected in the new mill engine-room, where all the power is to be generated. The boilers are all ready. They are not very far ahead with the erection of the new stamps, but I understand that the wood-work is all framed. From 40 stamps the mill is to be increased to 120, but, later, there is to be a further increase to 160. A drawback at present is the subsidence of the old west shaft, but, as the new one is about ready, this should not cause so very much inconvenience.

With regard to the new flotations on the dip ground, nothing definite can be said with reference to the probable entry into the producing stage of the Main Reef West, but probably it will be later than the date of the Main Reef Deep and Main Reef East becoming producers. Four shafts are going down on this deep-level ground, and I presume that two of them will be joint shafts—an economical practice recently inaugurated on these fields. Judging from the distance to the outcrop, I do not think these shafts will have to go much more than from 1500 to 1700 feet before striking the reef. The head-gears now up are only temporary. The shafts are the biggest I have seen, being no less than 31 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. in the clear, and each being of five compartments. Quarters, offices, compounds, &c., are all going up rapidly, and Spencer, the manager (late of the Treasury), is infusing lots of energy into every bit of work going on on these deep-levels.

One very favourable feature of the Main Reef and its subsidiaries is the undoubted ability of the engineering department. Mr. Leggatt, the Consulting Engineer, has shown business grasp in handling the parent property in a very economical manner, quite in contrast to the old régime. He is ably assisted by Mr. N. Wilson, the Mechanical Engineer, a Scotchman of the hard-headed type, who takes very good care that he gets full value for every sixpence expended on the surface. For good, straight, economical work, the department presided over by these two gentlemen is not behind any other on the Rand.

The financial position of the parent company is sound, although the capital is large, and debentures issued amount to £350,000. Still, the property is a big one, and the sub-flotations recently effected have turned claims into marketable shares. For its present satisfactory financial position the company has to thank Messrs. S. Neumann and Co., and one point worth noticing here is that Mr. Neumann was Chairman of the company when it was floated in Kimberley in 1887, and has remained on the directorate of the London Committee of the company ever since.

No doubt, through all these years, Mr. Neumann has had a fixed idea of consolidating the ground and working it somewhat after the fashion now proposed. The debentures ought to provide for the necessary development and construction on the outcrop property, while two of the subsidiaries were fortunate enough to get a large amount of working capital guaranteed by Messrs. L. Hirsch and Co. at a good premium.

A couple of photographs are reproduced on pages 511 and 512, one showing some typical Boers on the march, and the other giving a view of the Exploration Buildings, Johannesburg, in which the offices of many of the deep-level companies are located.

#### OUR WEEKLY TRUST.

Last week we promised to select a few stocks which could be reasonably bought by trustees the terms of whose trust-deeds were in forms very commonly employed in these days, and which gave slightly wider powers of investment than the securities authorised by the general law and the Rules of the High Court of Justice.

The prevailing form of investment clause which business-men put in their wills and settlements nowadays, authorises, in addition to the strict Trustee Stocks, the purchase of Foreign and Colonial Government and

Municipal Bonds, the Debenture or Preference stock of any Colonial or Foreign railway which has paid a fixed dividend (generally not less than 3 per cent.) on its Ordinary stock for the last five years, and very often the Debentures of English Industrial Companies which have paid a like dividend on their Ordinary shares, and the following suggested investments are intended to be of use to trustees who are acting under powers of this kind. In such cases, £1000 can be, we think, spread over the following five securities with little danger of the persons beneficially interested having to suffer—

Stock.	Cost.	Income.
£200 Victorian 4 per cent. 1908 Bonds ...	£207	£8 0 0
£200 City of Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. Bonds	248	12 0 0
£200 Spiers and Pond 5 per cent. "A" Debentures	218	10 0 0
£200 Bank of New Zealand 4 per cent. Debentures...	205	8 0 0
(These are guaranteed by the Government.)		
£150 A. and S. Henry 4½ per cent. Debentures ...	156	6 7 6
	£1034	£44 7 6

Of the above stocks, it is not necessary to say anything about the Victorian 4 per cent. Bonds. The Colony is recovering from its long depression, but even in the worst times there never was, nor could have been, any question of its solvency. The City of Wellington 6 per cent. Waterwork Bonds are a direct obligation of the capital of New Zealand, and cannot be paid off till 1927. It is probable that they may be difficult to buy, and every effort is generally made by the jobbers to induce purchasers to take some of the other issues of the same city. If the Waterwork Bonds cannot be obtained, Christchurch 6 per cent. Drainage Bonds or Auckland City 6 per cent. 1930 Bonds may very likely be got, and will do as well. The "A" debentures of Spiers and Pond are specifically secured on various valuable hotel-buildings, and by a general charge on the whole undertaking. For the last ten years dividends have been paid averaging about 9 per cent. on the £600,000 share capital of the business. The Bank of New Zealand 4 per cent. Debentures are secured not only on a large quantity of landed property, but are unconditionally guaranteed by the Government of New Zealand, and are, in fact, exactly on a par, so far as security is concerned, with the direct obligations of the Colony, although they are considerably cheaper. The 4½ per cent. Debentures of A. and S. Henry and Co. amount in all to £400,000, behind which there are £100,000 of 5 per cent. Preference shares and £600,000 of Ordinary shares, upon which dividends of never less than 5 per cent.—and that only on one occasion—have been paid since the formation of the company in 1889. The Debentures are issued in Bonds of £50 each, and may be ranked among the first flight of Industrial securities.

Saturday, Oct. 7, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

EXILE.—Your list of investments is a credit to the people who advised you. Of course, there are weak spots, but nothing in the whole lot which a reasonable man could not properly hold and look upon as an investment. Under present circumstances, we should hold on to Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Something is sure to turn up in the case of the District Railway, while 3 and 4 are likely to improve. No. 18 is a brewery, and a very good one. The Preference shares are quoted in the Official List at 12½.

S. H. R.—The concern was a swindle, but as to whether you are likely to recover or not we cannot pronounce an opinion. If you join the combination and lose, you might be liable for the costs of the other side. If money is recovered, it will go to the shareholders who bring action. Our advice is to get all the papers and information you can from the solicitors conducting the case, and then consult your own solicitor, issue a writ, and delay going on until the combination case is tried. If that is successful, you can come in for your share of the spoil; if not, you can withdraw, and get off by a small payment of costs.

ENGINEER.—We prefer Copiapo Copper-mining shares to either of the mines you name, and Canadian Pacific shares to the Bread Company at present prices.

C. E. S.—Buy Canadian Pacific Railway Ordinary stock or Rio Claro Sao Paulo shares.

CREMONA.—(1) We do not like the Bulgarian stock, and would sell it and invest in one of the securities mentioned in the last answer. (2) Write to Anthony Gibbs and Son, of 15, Bishopsgate Street, and they will send you the necessary forms for conversion into the new 5 per cent. Stock, which is a good security.

B. W.—As a speculation, we would rather buy Rand Mines. The fall is due to the war, of course. We really cannot go over all the files to see the highest price at which each has been quoted during the last four or five years, but Rands have been over £45, Randfontein over £4, and Robinson Randfontein over £2.

F. T.—The United States Brewing Company, Limited.

OUTHAY.—See answer to "C. E. S.," or, if you want something very gilt-edged, either of the securities mentioned in our "Notes" under the head of "Our Weekly Trust."

"HALIFAX 5."—We do not think the company can forfeit the shares under the circumstances set out in your letter, but consult a solicitor of good standing in your own town. First obtain a copy of the Articles by paying one shilling for the same, and tender the probate for registration.

ASSOCIATED.—Unless your rights are excluded by the Articles (which, we expect, is the case in the company you name), by giving a proper notice that you dissent from the scheme within seven days of the second meeting, you can compel the liquidator to buy you out. Get a copy of the Articles by paying a shilling to the company, and see if the rights of shareholders under Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, are excluded. You will never steer clear of all the quicksands without the aid of a solicitor well versed in Company Law.

J. H. T.—See Notes this week under head of "Kaffir Circus," but, if you buy, do so on a slump, and when things look very black. We prefer Rio Claro Sao Paulo shares to either of the investments you name.

LOCH.—(1) We have sent you the brokers' names on a post-card. (2) See this week's Notes; but, if the South African War does not go our way at first, there may be very much lower prices. (3) All depends on the course of events in South Africa. (4) We should sell half and hold half if the shares were our own.

CAMDEN TOWN.—As a gamble, Great Easterns on any further "slump" are as good as anything.